WITHDRAWN

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

AN ELIZABETHAN GALLERY

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THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

By EDMUND SPENSER

Edited by
W. L. RENWICK

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THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR
By EDMUND SPENSER

EDITED WITH COMMENTARY AND NOTES
BY W. L. RENWICK

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THE SHEPHEARDES CALENDER

CONTEYNING TWELVE ÆGLOGUES PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES. ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN MOST WORTHY OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING AND CHEVALRIE

M. PHILIP SIDNEY

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little booke : thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent :
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his honor has thee redde,
Crase pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame :
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee :
And I will send more after thee.

Immeritô.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED BOTH ORATOR AND POETE, MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY, his verie special and singular good frend E. K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete.

VNCOVTHE VNKISTE, sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language: and whom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. Which prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued well Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his dewe obseruing of Decorum euerye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words: the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will

seeme the straungest, the words them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode & compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In whom whenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuie, and of other against Saluste, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as coueting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one & in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that ofttimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and

as it were reuerend: no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. yet nether euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme disorderly & ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue & glorious words. So ofentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning. for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil iudge of the length of his cast. for in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as haue ben long time out of vse & almost cleare disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose & stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare & barrein of both. which default when as some endeuoured to salue & recure, they patched vp the holes with peces & rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the

Latine, not weighing how il, those tongues accorde with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they haue made our English tongue, a galli- maufray or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if them happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euanders mother spake. whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they vnderstand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources milk they sucked, they haue so base regard and bastard iudgement, that they will not onely themselues not labor to garnish & beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede: whose currish kind though cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstoode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters vseth to be loose, and as it were vngyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue

out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselues vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly rauished them aboue the meanenesse of commen capacitie. And being in the middest of all theyr brauery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueiled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethelesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it semeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. which moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities; and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceiue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque.

So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author euery where followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yougth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards .s. his equalls and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for thexposition of old wordes & harder phrases: which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge & rare in our tongue: yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter would passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknowen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I was made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence, as his Dreames,

his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; whose commendations to set out, were verye vayne; the thinges though worthy of many, yet being knowen to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine own good Maister Haruey, to whom I haue both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse vpon some particular & special considerations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special fauourer & maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stur vp any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded

E. K.

Post scr.

Now I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond, which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smoothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceiue of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. from my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill. 1579.

THE GENERALL ARGVMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, hauing alreadie touched the same. But for the word Æglogues I know is vnknowen to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogaj as it were αἴγων or αἰγονόμων. λόγοι. that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more shepheards, then Goteheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and welspring the whole Inuencion of his Æglogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, which difinition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet nowhit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues. which sentence this authour very well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Goteheards haue to doe herein, nethelesse doubteth not to cal them by the vsed and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Æclogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monthes may

be well deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixt, the eleuenth, & the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, which conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse, namely the second of reuerence dewe to old age, the fift of coloured deceipt, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepheards & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt wits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æclogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. which he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie: wherein to some he may seeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also was generally obserued both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauiour and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left

to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vppon good proofe of special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernment of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape yeere which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called ὑπερβαίνοντες. of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euery yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. which account for the

most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe; God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of commen vnderstanding, to begin with Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorum, that Shepheard should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.

IANUARYE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

Argvment.

In this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloute *a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called* Rosalinde: *with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.*

Colin Cloute.

A shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now vnnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he lovd, or els some care he tooke :
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitie :)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And *Pan* thou shepheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight :
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud friesing with vnkindly cold :
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,

As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaues are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and euill fare:
Mayst witnesse well by thy ill gouernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them giues to *Rosalind* againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue ?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne ?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would :
And thou vnlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should :
Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while abye.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan availe,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan ouerhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward droue his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.
Anchôra speme.

GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smitth in his booke of gouerment : wherof I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey : as also of some other his most graue & excellent wrytings.

Sythe) time.

Neighbour towne) the next towne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt.

Sere) withered.

His clownish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall & most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peraduenture shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call pæderastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: who sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gynerastice, that is the loue whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian or hys deuelish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, which being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Iulia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petrona vnder the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

Auail) bring downe.
Ouerhaile) drawe ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstande his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGVMENT.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot *an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of* Cuddie *an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so liuely and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.*

CUDDIE. THENOT.

AH for pittie, wil rancke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage ?
The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake :
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailes,
Perke as Peacock : but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall ?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime ?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares :
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat :
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CUDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare :
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.

And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like good fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes :
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorne,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes :
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CUDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youngth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee :
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp :
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,
And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of *Phyllis* prayse :

But *Phyllis* is myne for many dayes :
I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine :
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CUDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares ?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd ?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost :
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags :
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely taduaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent ?

CUDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,

Then to heare nouells of his deuise :
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie :
But none fitter then this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

THERE grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde :
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight :
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.
Hard by his side grewe a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde :
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke ?
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke :
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,

Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
With Leaues engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinamon smell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remoue,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was overawed.
Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Husbandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome for to seruewe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causlesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?

How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire :
Hindering with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight ?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde :
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight :
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right :
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth : but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee :
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine :
Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had bene an auncient tree,

Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pitth,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftsones Winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scorning Eld

CUDDIE.

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I listened to thy speche,
That graffed to the ground is my breche:
My hartblood is welnigh frorne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:

But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.
Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

Cuddies Embleme.
Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Kene) sharpe.

Gride) perced: an olde word much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

Wracke) ruine or Violence, whence commeth ship-wracke: and not wreake, that is vengeaunce or wrath.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borowed of Mimus Publianus, which vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes) Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroade, when sodeinly they be ouertaken with cold:

But eft when) A verye excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.

Breme) chill, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or wrinckled.

Accoied) plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Elde) olde age.

Sicker) sure. Tottie) wauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Herie) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom

Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or wast band.

A fon) a foole.

lythe) soft & gentile.

Venteth) snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flocks Father) the Ramme.

Crags) neckes.

Rather Lambes) that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is) A verye moral and pitthy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, & the name of Poetrie shal endure.

Well thewed) that is, Bene moratæ, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned.

To wonne) to haunt or frequent.

Sneb) checke.

Why standst) The speach is scorneful & very presumptuous.

Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloieth) encombreth.

Adawed) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber wood.

Sterne strife) said Chaucer .s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege) A maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande.

Flourets) young blossomes.

The Primrose) The chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues.

This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) *κατ' ἐικασμόν.*

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent) caught.

Nould) for would not.

Ay) euermore.

Wounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The priestes crewe) holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinckle & hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of this auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, whiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.

Boreas) The Northerne wynd, that bringeth the moste stormie weather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) And minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a startuppe or clownish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them wyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, whome God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil men reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also wexe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded boy, for despysing his gray and frostye heares.

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares haue no feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypened with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeaunce, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisedome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or

with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche longe experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasimus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and fauourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe Nemo Senex metuit Iouem, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are muche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

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MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

Argvment.

In this Æglogue two shepheards boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other plesaunce, which to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

THOMALIN, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so fayre a morow ?
The ioyous time now nigheth fast,
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

THOMALIN.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well :
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLYE.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head ?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott :
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLYE.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke ?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke ?
Or made preuie to the same ?

THOMALIN.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

WILLYE.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine :
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with griefe :
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnioynted both her bones :
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene,

WILLYE.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length within an Yuie todde
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.
With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing I, leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.

Therewith affrayd I ranne away :
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele :
For then I little smart did feele :
But soone it sore encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLYE.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight :
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had :
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face :
Yts time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue

Thomalins Embleme.

Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store :
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.

GLOSS.

THIS Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned, to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouer went) ouergone.

Alegge) to lessen or aswage.

To quell) to abate.

Welkin) the skie.

The swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembraunce of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bowre) that is the pleasaunt fielde, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) askewe or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures as it were, sleepe and weare oute of mynde.

Assotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Loue and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple) so is he feyned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kinde of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the woodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe.

An Yuie todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: For so is he described of the Poetes, to be a boye .s. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded,

because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .s. ful of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: whych worke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

Wimble and wighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newely borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the Riuer of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue onely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therfore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. which mysticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hipocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becommeth cold and vnfruiteful. which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepheards boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

Wroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitye of shepheards opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phæbus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow sawced with repentaunce. For besides

that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue, & fynding that we would not haue: euen the selfe things which best before us lyked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, when yougthes flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodyes and wits aunswere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

APRILL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

Argvment.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

TELL me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete ?
What ? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne ?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete ?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne ?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne ?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne :
He plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THENOT.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament ?
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that proue ?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue ?

HOBBINOLL.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye :
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

THENOT.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Elisa*, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.

YE dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan* the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did [spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia* with thy siluer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope* speede her to the place,
where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues bene for peace,

When wars doe surcease :
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace :
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace :
Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres :
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies :
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Cheuisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse vp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray :
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe :
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making ?
Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent :
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.
O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.
O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete) causeth thee weepe and complain.

Forlorne) left & forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare) agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde) Colin Clout.

The Lasse) Rosalinda.

Tressed locks) wrethed & curled.

Is he for a ladde) A straunge manner of speaking .s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make) to rime and versifye. For in this word making, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιειν, to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The Widowes) He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, euen in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinol be greued, that so she should be commended

to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deseruing it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: Vpon whom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost both his eyes.

Frenne) a straunger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in commen custome of speach for forenne.

Dight) adorned. Laye) a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes.

In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards witte, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepheards daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepheards boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie) is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins) the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo & Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon) is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song) seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus ἀργυρέον μέλος.

Syrinx) is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard

(for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype therof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμὸς δὴ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέως βασιλῆως,
τιμὴ δ' ἐκ διος ἐστι, φιλεῖ δε ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς.)

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet) he deuiseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish) beautifye and set out.

Phebe) the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled) mingled.

Yfere) together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the firste vnion of the Whyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope) one of the nine Muses: to whome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Inuention, & the firste glorye of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu.

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches) be the signe of honor & victory, & therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

> Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
> Honor d' Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.

The Graces) be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth .s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie & comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly) Finelye and nimbly.

Soote) Sweete. Meriment) Mirth.

Beuie) A beauie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake) be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth Well water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight) called or named.

Cloris) the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse,

of whome is sayd, that Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene) The Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. Whereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerua stroue for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your) Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring) all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flowre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibone) or a Bonibell. homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck and forswatt) ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phæbus) the sunne. A sensible Narration, & present view of the thing mentioned. which they call παρουσία.

Cynthia) the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, where she was honoured.

Latonaes seede) Was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like mysfortune.

Now rise) is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all

the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

When Damsins) A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Yblent) Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memorem virgo?) being otherwise vnhable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

Argvment.

In this fifte Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepheards Piers & Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their colourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray ?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene ?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce : the grownd with grasse, the Wods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Yougthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may buskets and smelling brere :
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere :
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall :

And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare)
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheards for the Deuils stedde,
That playen, while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone.
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords taske,
When great *Pan* account of shepeherdes shall aske.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,
But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepheards other things tend,

Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure ?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend :
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe :
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepheards (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye :
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire :
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepheard must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must foresay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard ?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood ?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce :
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong cheuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.

So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne)
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
For *Pan* himselfe was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
The shepheards God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
That not content with loyall obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of shepeheards, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three thinges to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:

And who can counsell a thristie soule,
With patience to forbeare the offred bowle ?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground :
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so ?
What ? should they pynen in payne and woe.
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on :
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Vsen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended :
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam ?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe.
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying :

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For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THILKE same Kidde (as I can well deuise)
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as kidde mought be :
His Vellet head began to shoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout :
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe :
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee.
Thy father (that word she spake with payne :
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight ?
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a waylfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
And florish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,

A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
And interrupted all her other speache,
With some old sorowe, that made a newe breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke.
Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.
So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.

Ah deare Lord, and sweete Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.
Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
And lengd to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Preuelie he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so preuilie, but the Foxe him spyed:
For deceifull meaning is double eyed.
Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kidd pittying hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.
I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long traueile I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.
Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamored with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the Pedler can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:

And how he could shewe many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch,
Ne stayed he once, the dore to make fast,
But ranne awaye with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All agast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answere at all.
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit,
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS.

Of their falshode more could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palinodes Embleme.

Πᾶς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.

Piers his Embleme.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστω;

GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liueries) gray coates.

Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue .s. little bushes of hauthorne.

Kirke) church.

Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) went.

Iouyssance) ioye.

Swinck) labour.

Inly) entirely.

Faytours) vagabonds.

Great Pan) is Christ, the very God of all shepheards, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fifte booke de Preparat. Euang; who thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of walking sprightes. who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemtion of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certain Iles called Paxæ, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus, (now Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calme of winde, that the shippe stoode still in the sea vnmoued, he was forced to cry alowd, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken

vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the sonne of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould, for would not.

Tho with them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie.

'Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
'Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

which may thus be turned into English.

'All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
'As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, which though much more wisedome bewraieth, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. the rymes be these.

'Ho, Ho, who lies here?
'I the good Erle of Deuonshere,
'And Maulde my wife, that was ful deare,
'We liued together lv. yeare.
'That we spent, we had:
'That we gaue, we haue:
'That we lefte, we lost.

Algrind) the name of a shepheard.
Men of the Lay) Lay men.
Enaunter) least that.
Souenaunce) remembraunce.
Miscreaunce) despeire or misbeliefe.
Cheuisaunce) sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. according as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted, for GOD himselfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a wide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hinderaunce of the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.

Sourse) welspring and originall.

Borrowe) pledge or suertie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye, (of whome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus who (as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination. wherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on hys shoulders. Many other coniectures needelesse be told hereof.

Warke) worke.

Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borow) that is our sauiour, the commen pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten) blame.

Nought seemeth) is vnseemely.

Conteck) strife contention.

Her) theyr, as vseth Chaucer.

Han) for haue.

Sam) together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie with carefull watchewords (as heere doth the gote) warned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the

Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernely spoken to turne O into A.

Yode) went. afforesayd.

She set) A figure called Fictio. which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, which then beginne to sproute and shoote foorth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall πάθος.

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.

That word) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe.

Liggen) lye.

Maister of Collusion) .s. coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily & crafty.

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lorde Hastingues in king Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (whiche was a shrewde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twise or thrise by the way: which of some, that ryding with hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensewed. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was within two howres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull deathe.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies .s. Idoles: and glasses .s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferaunce as a worke of merite and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie. The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hole. Whose diminutiue is clicket, vsed of Chaucer for a Key.

Stoundes) fittes: aforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestlihead.) agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe.) of kynne.

Newell) a newe thing.

To forestall) to præuent.

Glee) chere, afforesayde.

Deare a price.) his lyfe, which he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestaunt beware, howe he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull Catholique: whereof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladde or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest. A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priestes.

Dismount) descende or set.

Nye) draweth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking nolesse guile to lurke in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

Argvment.

This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL. COLIN CLOUTE.

Lo *Collin*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte ?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde :
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene ytost :
Thy louely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch :
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche :
And to the dales resort, where shipheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitche,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,

Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when *Phœbe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reproue,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples vnrype,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe *Calliope* wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yuory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,

Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill.
For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheard sittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fytter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,

Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painfull plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.
Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, wherin Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise,

in scripture called Eden; wherein Adam in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof.) Lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flowe out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countrye, where he dwelt.

N'is) is not.

The Dales) The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth woodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (Whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the myndes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, soughte to nousell the comen people in ignoraunce, least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Massepenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time were frowarde and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from them (as many thinge els) be come into

our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes & Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captain and Erle of Shrewsbury; whose Lord Thalbot, afterwarde the very scourge of Fraunce, the terrour in the hearts of the French, noblesse bred such a great armies were defaicted & put to that oft times euen gearing of hys name. In somuch that flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that to affray theyr chyldren, would tell the French wemen, ot commeth.

them that the Talbot though there be indeede but three Many Graces) t(as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but Graces or Charites: t of many gyftes of bounty, there may foure, yet in respe and so Musæus sayth, that in Heroes [illegible] satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth.

An hundred Graces on her eyeledde satte. &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres) Equalles and felow shepheards.

Queneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope) afforesayde.

Thys staffe is full of verie poetical inuention.

Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phæbus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencye in musicke, chose Midas for their iudge. Who being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vndeserued: for which Phœbus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as be hys Canterburie tales. whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitæ suæ .s. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie.

O why) A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite) the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas) the name of a shephearde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst whome he often bitterly inuayeth.

Vnderfonge) vndermyne and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie was Anchora speme: for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come. which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

IULYE.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

Argvment.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and disprayse of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
emong the bushes rancke ?

MORRELL.

What ho, thou iollye shepheards swayne,
come vp the hyll to me :
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryte, that oftentime
Great clymbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle :
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe :
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heate
where hast thou couerture ?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.

But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

MORRELL.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of *Dan*,
which dyd himselfe beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues, that would them teare.

MORREL.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where *Titan* ryseth from the mayne,
to renne hys dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,

and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phebe* layed,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his foly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepheardes bene foresayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayd,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:
Till with his elder brother Themis
His brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Teribinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing leuin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

THOMALIN.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.
To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.

And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe,
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowd that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode :*
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted :
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore :
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe :
Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought doe soe.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowlye leas :
And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
why done we them disease ?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gayne :
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of hys keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
the Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,

such fauour couth he fynd,
That sithens neuer was abhord,
the simple shepheards kynd.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan :*
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty *Pan.*
But nothing such thilk shephearde was,
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare :
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no such mought shepheards bee)
And with lewde lust was ouerlayd :
tway things doen ill agree :
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well eyed, as *Argus* was,
With fleshly follyes vndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend :
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list :

Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold.
(mought they good sheepeheards bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
yode late on Pilgrimage:
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
as Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corne is theyre, let other thresh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great stores, and thriftye stockes,
great freendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks?
theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisards weltre in welths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

MORRELL.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
to wyten shepheards welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a signe of helth.
But say me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is so oft bynempt.

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree.
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught by *Algrins* ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
An Eagle sored hye,
That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
a shell fish downe let flye:
She weend the shell fishe to haue broake,
but there with bruzd his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.

MORRELL.

Ah good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
but shall be bett in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Thomalins Embleme.
In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.
In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard) By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck) is the seate of honor.

Straying heard) which wander out of the waye of truth.

Als) for also.

Clymbe) spoken of Ambition.

Great clymbers) according to Seneca his verse,

Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsu.

Mickle) much.

The sonne) A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on

Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching sunne. according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe) Be two signes in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion) Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the sonne is in Leo. At which tyme the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drougth, and many diseases.

Ouerture) an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, & vsed in good writers.

To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde) was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, were called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes .s. Lord Danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outragious in thys Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he muste retorne back, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled that name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes.

Weetelesse) not vnderstoode.

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd. Pan Christ.

Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen.

Where Titan) the Sonne. Which story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:

The Shepheard) is Endymion, whom the Poets fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phœbe .s. the Moone, that he

was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares, for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, where through errour of shepheards vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepheards did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam) by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys ofspring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Syluanes) be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt) mingled.

Melampode and Terebinth) be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus.

τερμινθου τράγων ἔσχατον ἀκρέμονα,

Nigher heauen) Note the shepheards simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuin) Lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on hygh mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete.

Feriuntque summos fulmina montes.

Lorrell) a losell.

A borrell,) a playne fellowe.

Narre) nearer.

Hale) for hole.

Yede) goe.

Frowye) mustye or mossie.

Of yore) long agoe.

Forewente) gone afore.

The firste shepheard) was Abell the righteous, who (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe) hys charge s. his flocke.

Lowted) did honour and reuerence.

The brethren) the twelue sonnes of Iacob, whych were shepe maisters, and lyued onelye thereupon.

Whom Ida) Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which being

with child of hym, dreamed shee broughte forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; where being fostered of shepheards, he eke in time became a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.

A lasse) Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye. which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the most famous citye of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus) was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because that in the print of a Cowes foote, there is figured an I in the middest of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shephearde sayth he hath forgot, lest his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple) Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering. a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore.

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shephearde, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

Wisards) greate learned heads.

Welter) wallowe.

Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men.

Surly) stately and prowde.

Melling) medling.

Bett) better.

Bynempte) named.

Gree) for degree.

Algrin the name of a shepheard afforesayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By thys poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former speach by sondrye reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the middest, being enuironed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuaunce of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, which once I heard alleaged in defence of humilitye out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beate backe again with lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Suorum deus altissimus.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

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Argvment.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatheards boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

WILLYE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

TELL me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd?

WILLYE.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

PERIGOT.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

WILLYE.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WILLYE.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.

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But and if in rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantsies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

WILLYE.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.
Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WILLYE.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

PERIGOT.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

WILLYE.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

PIERCIE.

Well agreed Willy: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Like a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

CUDDIE.

Synne, whom ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards swayne:
Like a iudge, as Cuddie, were for a king.

Perigot. It fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. When holly fathers wont to shreue:
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
Wil. hey ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. she sweeter then the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as clere as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,

Per. Glaunceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into thy hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Vpon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a curelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.
Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho gracelesse griefe,
Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil. and mone with many a mocke.

Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

CUDDYE.

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vndersongs well addrest.

WILLYE.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

CUDDIE.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome:
Ne can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

WILLYE.

Neuer dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

CUDDIE.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

WILLY.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

CUDDIE.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.

YE wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastfull groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my restlesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound

Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

PERIGOT.

O *Colin, Colin,* the shepheards ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie,* fresh *Cuddie* the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

CUDDIE.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.
Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.
Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.

Peregall) equall.

Whilome) once.

Rafte) bereft, depriued.

Miswent) gon a straye.

Ill may) according to Virgile.

Infelix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thyng, wherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) wrought betwene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme.

Pousse.) Pease.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed, his loue deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint.

Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning.

Cynthia) was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnlesse.

Squint eye) partiall iudgement.

Ech haue) so saith Virgile.

Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) iudgement.

Dempt) for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse) blame the blamelesse.

The shepherd of Ida) was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the goldden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claming the conquest, & Willye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy which can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

Argvment.

Herein Diggon Dauie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bidde her god day:
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But now her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe:
Sike question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past:
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

DIGGON.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iollye, nor shepehearde more.
In forrein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye, as there to remaine.
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The shepheards there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepheards throte.
The shepheards swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

DIGGON.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,

To leaue the good, that I had in hande,
In hope of better, that was vncouth :
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsd to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate :
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

DIGGON.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewitcht
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre :
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich :
But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich.
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll :
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight :
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire :
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vndersaye,
They neuer sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.

They boast they han the deuill at commaund :
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe :
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name :
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.
Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre :
For such encheason, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye :
The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles *of Basan* brace hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute :
But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.
And to seeke redresse mought little boote :
For liker bene they to pluck away more,

Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leaue of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOLL.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,
They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes yead at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their cal:
For many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:

But priuely prolling two and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

HOBBINOL.

Or priue or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

DIGGON.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in theyr furre.
But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepheards to discerne their face.
For all their craft is in their countenaunce.
They bene so graue and full of mayntenaunce,
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe.

HOBBINOL.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepheards sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilk same shepheard mought I well marke:
He has a Dogge to byte or to barke,
Neuer had shepheard so kene a kurre,
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,

(For he had eft learned a curres call.)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre awaye,
This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye?
For had his wesand bene a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder & shidder.

DIGGON.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr beliue.
If sike bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilinesse ?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day :
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of fleshe, men as other bee.
Why should we be bound to such miseree ?
What euer thing lacketh chaungeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.
What shall I doe ? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend ?
Ah good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethelesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can : I will thee comfort :

There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

DIGGON.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.
Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The Dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, who being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countryes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. s. to saye his prayers.

Wightly) quicklye, or sodenlye.

Chaffred) solde.

Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare.

Ethe) easie.

Thrise thre moones) nine monethes.

Measured) for traueled.

Wae) woe Northernly.

Eeked) encreased.

Caruen) cutte. Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck. State) stoutely.

Stanck) wearie or fainte.

And nowe) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which tyme the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) Imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis.

Lorne) lefte. Soote) swete.

Vncouthe) vnknowen.

Hereby there) here and there.

As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane.

Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Contek) strife.
Trode) path.
Marrie that) that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes & practises they damme to hell.
Blacke hell. Gange) goe.
Mister) maner.
Mirke) obscure. Warre) worse.
Crumenall) purse.
Brace) compasse.
Encheson) occasion.
Ouergrast) ouergrowen with grasse.
Galage) shoe.
The grosse) the whole.
Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.
Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde .which king caused all the Wolues, whereof then was store in thys countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben Wolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be Wolues in England.
Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indede it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and comen phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert was christened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in mysbeliefe and vnchristened, So that Kent was counted no part of Christendome.
Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iustice.
Enaunter) least that.
Inly) inwardly. afforesayde.
Priue or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.
Roffy) The name of a shepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. whome he here commendeth for greate care and wise gouernance of his flock.
Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Authour selfe. whose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Haruey: of whose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient tryall in diuerse his workes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymæ, and his late Gratulationum Valdinensium which boke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie.

afterward presenting the same in print vnto her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and very notable writings, partely vnder vnknown Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and esspecially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of other shepheardes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinlye know not.

Wonned) haunted.

Welkin) skie. afforesaid.

A Weanell waste) a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male and Female.

Steuen) Noyse.

Beliue) quickly.

What euer) Ouids verse translated.

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est.

Forehaile) drawe or distresse.

Vetchie) of Pease strawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolishe boye by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not hable to content him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon vseth it to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes had founde the worst, and through greate plentye was fallen into great penurie. This poesie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

Argvment.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounpt & honor, & being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιασμὸς, *and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.*

PIERCE. CVDDIE.

Cuddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring *Phœbus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CVDDYE.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:

Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

CVDDIE.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts.
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Aduaunce the worthy whome shee loueth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heauen sownde.

CVDDYE.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas* left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,

And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

CVDDIE.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a caytiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

CVDDIE.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.
Agitante calescimus illo &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane. The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie) I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fiue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were rauished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diuersely eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) what the secrete working of Musick is in

the myndes of men, as well appeareth hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that streight way rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very war like:) And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogither on the fyft and vij. tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slew him and brought Iô away, whose eyes it is sayd that Iuno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour) vnwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list showe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratious soueraign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserued prayses, and also fauourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowmed the Erle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other)

rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) wel knowen to be Virgile, who by Mecænas means was brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moued to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three seuerall workes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and cheualrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their worthines & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be commended to al posterities. wherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. which is the only aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work: as so renowmed and ennobled onely by hys meanes. which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille sospírando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba.
Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, aswell sheweth this that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a

Poete. whych prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siluer the two bookes of Homers works, as layd vp there for speciall iewells and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde vnder his pillowe. Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd.

Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pineons) vnperfect skil. Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swanne hath euer wonne small commendation for her swete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the swan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As wel sayth the Poete elswhere in one of his sonetts.

The siluer swanne doth sing before her dying day
As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent obiect of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarchs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aswel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying. vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, wrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes & light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order. Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charmes were wont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth.

Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellency of the skyll whereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

NOVEMBER

BOLOGA VIGESIMA

Argvment.

In this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce,
Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in *Fishes* haske.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.

Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene:
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

VP then *Melpomene* thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grieslie ghostes and vp my rufull ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,

Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke :
Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde :
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke :
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe ?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale :
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle ?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere :
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,
For she would cal hem often heme

And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,
The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.

O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.
O heauie herse,
And *Philomele* her song with teares doth steepe.
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduaunce:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould.
O heauie herse,

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.
I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)

There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is,
O ioyfull verse.

THENOT.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Iouisaunce) myrth.

Souenaunce) remembraunce.

Herie) honour.

Welked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a haske is a wicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.

Virelaies) a light kind of song.

Bee watred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment) dreery and heauy cheere.

The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is vnknowen and closely

buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Shene) fayre and shining.

May) for mayde.

Tene) sorrow.

Guerdon) reward.

Bynempt) bequethed.

Cosset) a lambe brought vp without the dam.

Vnkempt) Incompti Not comed, that is rude & vnhansome.

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile

Melpomene Tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.

Vp griesly gosts) The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse) is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

Wast of) decay of so beautifull a peece. Carke) care.

Ah why) an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after. nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a diminutiue for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison A minore ad maius.

Reliuen not) liue not againe .s. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enioy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, who being, as it were the mayne braunch now withered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.

With cakes) fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame) for home. after the northerne pronouncing.

Tinct) deyed or stayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido.

Rushrings) agreeable for such base gyftes.

Faded lockes) dryed leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse) spring.

Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele) the Nightingale. whome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being

rauished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name. whose complaintes be very well set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym aboundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the signe of all sorow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedom and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare) a frame, wheron they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, which are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischiefe.

Eternall night) Is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight) happened.

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.

Astert) befall vnwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Authour.

Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selues we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DVODECIMA.

Argvment.

This Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused throughe a Comet or blasinge starre, by which hee meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be rype. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THE gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That *Colin* hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of shepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest saue from mischiefe the vnwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties tund to shepheards Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the mazie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.

What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste :
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife :
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth,
Or I tomuch beleeued my shepherd peres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good olde shephearde, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring doe compare
With shepheards swayne, what euer fedde in field :
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewel,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in *Venus* seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe.
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestoole growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
Al so my age now passed youngthly pryme,
To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How *Phœbe* fayles, where *Venus* sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rysing of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin cloute*,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.

Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound ?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde ?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe :
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst :
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe :
My haruest wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Theyr rootes bene dryed vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Rosalind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote :
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care :
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:
My harueste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustring blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witnesse were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd.

Lambkins) young lambes.

Als of their) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse.

Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.

Deigne) voutchsafe.

Cabinet) Colinet) diminutiues.

Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.

Peres) felowes and companions.

Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Qui artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.

Derring doe) aforesayd.

Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in middest of somer; a pretie allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of lust.

His ray) which is Cupides beame or flames of Loue.

A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his whote loue.

Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of all his vnquietnes in loue.

Where I was) a fine discription of the chaunge of hys lyfe and liking; for all things nowe seemed to hym to haue altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the maner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once a side, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepecotes. for such be the exercises of shepheards.

Sale) or Salow a kind of woodde like Wyllow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phæbe fayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .s. Venus starre otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All which skill in starres being conuenient for shepheardes to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seaes) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) inuented by the Thuscanes, and from them deriued to the Romanes, who (as is sayd in Liuie) were so supersticiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, aswell appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresse turned men into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth Dea sæua potentibus herbis &c.

Kidst) knewest.

Eare) of corne.

Scathe) losse hinderaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

Thus is my) The thyrde parte wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The fragraunt flowres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poete is seene, be they witnesse which are priuie to his study.

So now my yeere) The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee) mirth.

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights) is a conclusion of all. where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all Æglogues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning wherof is that all thinges perish and come

to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful indede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the ensample of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi quæ nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

LOE I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus hys style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a whyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.

Merce non mercede.

COMMENTARY.

COMMENTARY.

THIS is one of the books that stand as landmarks in the history of English poetry. Only *Lyrical Ballads* can be compared with it, and even that comparison is inexact, for *Lyrical Ballads* marks a change of direction away from a debased convention, while *The Shepheardes Calender*, for all the homage paid to Chaucer in its epilogue, points only forward: and so far forward, that (except for some excursions in the seventeenth century) it was only with the appearance of *Lyrical Ballads* itself, two hundred and nineteen years later, that the further boundary of that poetic country was reached. In this book there appeared before the English public a professed poet; immature perhaps, making his art as he went along, but indubitably authentic, with an unmistakable voice of his own. Any time after 1579 men might say *Who knows not Colin Clout?* But in 1579 he was "the new poet." There was no English precedent for his *Calender*. It contains many experiments, and many that gave negative results, for Spenser never repeated them. The solemn Introduction and Notes contributed by E. K. are evidence that the innovation was acutely felt and required explanation: further, that it claimed serious consideration: and again, that it was deliberate. The *Calender* marks the complete entry of England into the great critical tradition of the Renaissance. It is the first English example of high Renaissance art: a clearly-perceptible self-conscious personality working within a well-understood convention.

E. K. tells us that Spenser had written other poems, and he himself discusses them in his printed correspondence with Harvey. He had had time enough, for he must have been about 27 years of age when this book appeared, and 27 was a mature age in the sixteenth century. But Spenser was never in a hurry to publish. Nor need we believe that timidity was the sole reason why *he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate* those *sundry other works of his*: despite his obvious diffidence, despite the humility of prologue and epilogue, the skill of Colin Clout is suffi-

ciently proclaimed throughout the *Calender*. Spenser knew his ground, recognised his vocation, did not fear for his fame, and was content to wait. He waited eleven years, during which the *Calender* ran through three editions, before he published his next work, the first instalment of *The Faerie Queene*. He knew exactly what he was doing, and set himself on the well-trodden path, in the footsteps of Virgil himself, the guide of humanists in the new world of letters as he had been of Dante in that mediæval world of thought now shattered by the earthquakes of Renaissance and Reformation.

The convention of Pastoral as Spenser would learn it had long been severed from its origins in Sicilian folk-song. Spenser indeed knew something of Theocritus and Bion—largely, one imagines, with the help of Latin and French versions—but the Renaissance Pastoral really started from Virgil, and had developed into a regular "kind," ranking indeed below Epic and Tragedy (that was why a young poet might try his wings in it), but highly respectable, a scholarly form having its rules, scope, and functions clearly understood. The conventional country of this Pastoral was not Sicily, nor an imagined Arcadia, but the poet's own surroundings. The mind was not removed from everyday life and the poet's own interests, but occupied with them. Not that these surroundings were English meadows and hill-sides. Spenser was not concerned with that kind of "realism": he is quite untrue to English scenery, flowers, speech, weather, habits, and everything else, because he was not writing about real shepherds, but creating an English version of a convention, and he gives just enough English detail to naturalise and anglicise it. Pastoral was an allegorical disguising that, in a tradition of objective poetry, provided an accepted and acceptable way of treating of personal and contemporary affairs. It was, of course, an added virtue that it provided opportunities for pretty and amusing descriptions and evocations of rural life and scenery—its provision of opportunities for the artist is the only criterion by which we may judge any form—but no one pretended that the shepherds were real. Even the stringent principle of *Decorum*, which enjoined congruity of style and matter, could itself cover apparent discrepancies, since the whole business was a kind of light allegory.

Since all personal and contemporary affairs were proper subjects for Pastoral, the interpretation of the simple

allegory is various: the shepherds are poets, scholars, governors, ecclesiastics, by a series of easy allusions. And as E. K. points out, the themes are variously personal, moral, and political. Spenser invented a new gambit in linking his eclogues together in a Calendar, but in most other respects he followed the tradition, and most notably the most obviously allegorical of the pastoralists, Baptista Spanuoli, a fifteenth-century Vicar-General of the Carmelites in Mantua, known in every schoolroom as Mantuanus, the "good old Mantuan" of Shakespeare's schoolmaster Holofernes. It is perhaps worth while to remind the reader again in passing, how closely the tradition pressed. For a Renaissance poet the matter of poetry was not only life, thought, the world around, but also the poetry of preceding ages. Critical readers expected *Imitations*, reminiscences and re-handlings of fragments of earlier poets, re-interpretations of notable themes, and re-settings of new matter in well-known frames. The critics taught it, and men enjoyed it, as we might enjoy the re-interpretation of a well-known piece of Beethoven by a new violinist or conductor. We have seen the recurrence of the fashion among poets of our own time, and still more among painters. It was, then, within this conventional setting and partly with this recognised material that Spenser had to work out the themes dictated by his own interests.

His personal themes are the poetic aspirations of Colin Clout, which appear throughout but especially in *October*, his lack of fortune which is the theme of *June*, and his hapless love, which is as puzzling to unravel as the others are simple. Who was *Rosalind*? Many commentators have struggled with the problem, and all have failed to produce a convincing solution. Despite the literary parallels that are so easy to multiply, she was evidently a real person: Spenser's own circle knew who she was, and so did Drayton, who, in *Polyolbion*, brings her in company to the Cotswold Games. Dryden told Aubrey that she was a kinswoman of his mother. But all we have is the name, and E. K.'s statements, that she was "a gentlewoman of no mean house," and that *Rosalind* or *Rosalinde* is an anagram of her name. The anagram has been rearranged into *Rose Dyneley*, *Elisa Nord* (*North*) *Rose Daniel*, and so on. One despairing inquisitor makes it *Rondelais*, that is, *Roundelay*, that is, the poet's Muse. It is perhaps a proof of Spenser's ingenuity in the choice

of it, that the name can be "ordered" into an extraordinary number of possible names. Let the reader but try. It may be that *Rosalind* is but a part-anagram for a lady whose name was Elizabeth, and she may be Elizabeth Spencer, Lady Carey, a prized friend in later days. But we do not know whether Spenser knew Elizabeth North,* or whether there ever was a Rose Dyneley or a Rose Daniel, or whether he had met Lady Carey by this time. There is no security in the anagram alone; external evidence is necessary, and external evidence is entirely lacking. Spenser did not want us to know. When he wished to be lucid, he usually was lucid. It is possible to be too ingenious in interpretation. Here, as elsewhere, he had personal reasons for not being explicit—personal revelations were not yet in fashion—and he was as clever in avoiding clues as in giving them. The other personage who is of importance as coming into close contact with *Colin Clout* himself, is *Hobbinol*, and there we are left in no doubt, since E. K. tells us in the gloss to *October* that *Hobbinol* was Gabriel Harvey. Spenser cannot have objected to that revelation; it would be quite in Harvey's character to arrange for it with E. K. Of the other "shepherds," *Thenot*, *Cuddie*, *Piers*, *Thomalin*, and *Willie* are evidently members of the Cambridge group of friends; but they say and do nothing to make their identification vitally important.

To relate these poems to Spenser's life in detail is difficult, because they are the only evidence for the love affair, they contain a dramatic element as well as a personal —*Colin Clout* is a poetic projection as well as Master Spenser late of Pembroke Hall—and they may have been altered and rehandled, as Spenser's habit was, before publication. On the other hand it is fairly easy to relate them to the few facts we do know. We know from the University books that Spenser commenced M.A. in 1576; from a note in one of Harvey's books† that he was secretary to John Young, Bishop of Rochester, in 1578; and from his own published letters that he was a client of the Earl of Leicester in 1579. We do not know exactly when he took service with Dr. Young, but it was probably after the Bishop's accession in February, 1578, since a canon of

* Though this guess, published by Mr. P. W. Long in *Anglia*, 1908, is the best yet. Mr. Long suggests that *Rosalind* was the daughter of Thomas North, the translator of Plutarch.

† Gollancz, *Proceedings of the British Academy*, 1908; Harvey's *Marginalia*, ed. Moore Smith, p. 173.

Windsor, as Young was till then, would scarcely require a secretary. In *June* we have a record of that event, so we may date *June* as referring to (though not necessarily written in) the spring or summer of 1578. This is our one fixed point. Those eclogues, again, in which *Colin* is described as *the southern shepheardes boy*, or in which Kent is mentioned, are later than *June*: that is, *February*, *April*, *September*, *October*. To these we may add *May* and *July* as belonging to the same circle of interests as *February* and *September*. The unsuccessful love affair happened before the poet's removal south, so *January*, entirely concerned with it and belonging to the worst moment of depression, must come before *June*. *November* detaches itself as out of place: the reference to the sun being in Pisces relegates it to February. Now Spenser took over the names *Colin* and *Thenot* from Marot. Ruling out *Colin* as possibly also from Skelton, we may assume that the poems in which *Thenot* appears are later than *November*: these are *February* and *April*. This leaves *March*, *August*, and *December*. We are entitled to assume, I think, that Spenser invented the Calendar-scheme because he had written some eclogues, rather than that he invented the scheme in the air and then proceeded to write eclogues. We may imagine that some time in 1579 Spenser at last decided to publish some of his accumulated poems; he had some pastorals by him, and it was in accordance with critical theory that he should begin with them; the idea of the Calendar came to him because they contained definite seasonal references after the manner of Mantuan, and perhaps because he found he had about twelve, and could easily make up, or cut down, to that number. *March* and *December* are so appropriate to their months that I fancy they were written after the scheme was devised, and the same might be said of the beginning of *May*. A very tentative chronological arrangement, then, gives us something like this: *January*, *November*; *June*: *April*, *October*; *February*, *July*, *September*, *May*; *March*, *December*. *August* is dateless, and possibly was not written all at one time, as I suggest in the note on that poem. All this carries us very little forward, but it shows, unless I am far wrong in my conjectures, that the arrangement of the poems is not a time-arrangement. Spenser was not trying to tell the story of his life, as a romantic might. The arrangement is partly a question of practical book-making, as when

Spenser separates off his moral and ecclesiastical eclogues with "recreative," and partly dramatic, in the presentation of the Shepherd Colin, a projection of Edmund Spenser.

The political eclogues, *May*, *July*, *September*, are concerned with the one side of politics with which Spenser, and Englishmen generally, had so far been concerned: the ecclesiastical difficulties of the time, and especially, now that Protestantism was fairly well established, the divisions of Puritans and High Churchmen which had excited Cambridge during his residence and which underlay—or cloaked—personal resentments even in the Privy Council. On this subject Spenser is quite explicit. His sympathy lay with the Puritan party; he is at some pains to make it clear. For that matter, the first edition of the *Calender* was entrusted for publication to a printer, Hugh Singleton, who had but newly and narrowly escaped the penalties of the law for printing a Puritan pamphlet, Stubbe's *Discoverie of a Gaping Gulph*, for which Stubbe had lost his right hand, and Page, the publisher, was still in prison. The very employment of Singleton at that moment was daring; and perhaps Singleton's transfer for the *Calender* to another publisher within a year was a shedding of dangerous stuff by one who knew he was under a cloud.

Of Spenser's sympathy with Puritans there is no doubt. He would catch a sort of Puritanism at Cambridge just as a modern undergraduate might catch a sort of Socialism. But "Puritanism" is a vague word, and covers many shades of opinion from thorough-going Calvinism to a simple desire to limit the powers of the hierarchy. In Spenser's works I can find little or nothing that may be called doctrinal. The only passage in the *Calender* which touches on doctrine is in *September*, lines 90 to 101, which is an attack on the Papacy and might be approved by any Protestant. His Puritanism was probably that of an average earnest layman who accepted the average Protestant ideas with all their implications, and had no axe to grind. The Government required the continuance of the ecclesiastical organisation for its own practical purposes of governing; many, both ecclesiastics and laymen, desired it for their own personal reasons; the moderate Puritan saw the latter very clearly—he could not grasp the technical importance of the former—and that consciousness made up most of his "Puritanism." It was really the standing objection to clericalism which was older

than the Reformation. The Chaucer who described the Monk had a touch of it, and his anticlericalism was a legend, so that the definitely anticlerical *Plowman's Tale* could quite well be written in the form of an addition to the *Canterbury Tales* and accepted as his by Spenser's generation. The proud priest has always been a target for English satire, probably long before Chaucer, certainly for centuries after him. From one such pre-Reformation satire, by Skelton, Spenser took the very name of *Colin Clout*.

Calvinism was another question entirely. Many highly-placed Churchmen, in the early days of Reform, held its tenets, and it was only gradually that doctrinal questions and questions of Church government coalesced into militant Nonconformity. With that Spenser was not concerned; nor, therefore, are we. The typical dogmas of the extreme parties—Transubstantiation on one side, Predestination on the other—never find an echo in his poems; nor does, even, the question of the Headship of the Church. Danger might be the restraining influence, but Spenser could be bold when he liked. With all his natural piety, he was a secular poet. The following-up of such points may be postponed; the important thing to notice is that in this, his first published work, he treats of public affairs, and without diffidence.

Still more important, for the future of English poetry, was his deliberate appearance as a scholarly poet. The feature most obvious to his contemporaries was the sheer competence of the thing. E. K., who was no fool, stresses just this competence of writing, the control and conciseness and style; and rightly. Read Gascoigne, who is by no means negligible, or Edwards, a cultured man of ideas and a good musician; read the *Gorgeous Gallery* and the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, and then turn to the *April eclogue*. The change is evident, and it is evident throughout the book. The verse runs; it is deliberately and successfully managed; the whole plan and matter of each poem are controlled, direction, speed, and movement known in advance and maintained to the end. The new poet is not only singing as he can, he can sing as he wants to, and invent his own tunes.

He innovates even within the tradition, for there was no precedent for the variety of verse-form. In this one book Spenser uses thirteen different forms, of which two were new to England and five were new inventions. Of

the thirteen he only used three again : but he had shown Englishmen what could be done. The other feature which suggested—if it did not prove—the new mastery, was the deliberately invented and controlled language. Given the principle of *Decorum*, the adaptation of dialect to the uses of the Pastoral was not very recondite, but as Philip Sidney pointed out, it was without precedent—or, rather, the precedent was not understood and recognised. The suggestion came rather from the general theory of poetic diction enunciated by Ronsard and du Bellay : the reason was, that like every good artist, Spenser was in love with his medium. This was an experiment, specialised by congruity with the subject, in the general development of English for literary purposes, a cause many men had at heart. Spenser was not returning to the speech of a native parish like Barnes, nor attempting to create a synthetic book-language like some modern Scots and Irish ; he was merely experimenting on a fairly extensive scale with one of the resources from which the poetic speech of England might be enriched. The discrepancies, accordingly, the mixture of dialects, the occasional learned words, and the unequal usage in different eclogues or different parts of the same eclogue, would not distress Spenser and need not distress us. From experience in the *Calender* he learned what could be done with dialect and what could not. The archaism of his diction is part of the same process : it was recognised that Northern dialect at least was older English than the speech of London and the Court, so Spenser gleaned from Chaucer, Lydgate, and Langland, words and forms that would suit the rustic setting and in so doing he opened up another source of linguistic wealth. The result was not always fortunate, but it showed that the new poet thought about language and had confidence enough to attempt something new, and something English ; that he had so thoroughly digested the humanist theory and practice that he could reproduce it and have energy to spare. And it definitely naturalised the Pastoral in England. By its adherence to the critical conventions and by its imitations of the most respectable precedents—obvious even if E. K. had not been there to point them out—the *Calender* could be recognised as belonging to the new tradition that had triumphed in Italy and in France. Yet no man could call it Latinised or Italianate or Frenchified. The humanist tradition was made English.

The New Poetry had arrived in England. Spenser's reputation was made at a stroke. And as if men had been awaiting the signal, the great age began.

PROLOGUE—TO HIS BOOKE.

We do not know where or when Spenser first met Sidney, but on 15th October of this year 1579 he was able to write to Harvey that " Master *Sidney*, and Master *Dyer*, they haue me, I thank them, in some vse of familiarity," and that they discussed poetry together. The degree of that familiarity is equally uncertain. A legendary romance of friendship has grown up, on a very slender basis of evidence which all comes from Spenser's side. Certainly Spenser, like most men, was deeply impressed by Sidney—*The Ruines of Time*, *Astrophel*, and other references among his poems prove that—but the acquaintance can scarcely have begun before Spenser left Cambridge in 1576; it may not have begun until 1579, and it was broken by Spenser's leaving for Ireland in the summer of 1580. They must have had many opportunities for meeting—on some terms—during Spenser's brief employment in the service of Sidney's uncle, the Earl of Leicester, but our poet's further advancement, such as it was, came from other connexions.

5-6: Spenser expresses fear of Envy so often that we are given the impression of a diffident nature. Compare the epilogue to this book, the last two stanzas of *The Faerie Queene*, Book VI, and many other passages throughout. The fear even passes through to E. K., as we may see from the close of his Epistle to Harvey. The anonymity of the *Calender* (lines 7-15) is but another symptom, though the promise of the last two lines is a sign of hope. Spenser was bold enough on his own ground of poetry, but he was not made to thrust his way among men of affairs, and he knew it.

The eight-syllable triplets are well chosen for their purpose, and, running fast and freely, produce their effect of graceful modesty.

E. K.'s EPISTLE TO HARVEY.

The reputation of Gabriel Harvey (1545?-1630), Fellow of Pembroke and then of Trinity Hall, the *Hobbinol* of this book and the closest of Spenser's early friends, has suffered from his unlucky controversy with the nimble-witted Thomas Nashe and the carelessness of later scholars.

Harvey was certainly vain and humourless, but he was a scholar of wide reading, with a strong and lively mind within its limitations. Spenser certainly had a great regard for him, which is a recommendation to any man, and he certainly recognised and encouraged Spenser's early ambitions in poetry, which gives him a claim on our respect and gratitude. The tragedy of Harvey's life is best told by Dr. G. C. Moore Smith, before his extremely interesting collection of Harvey's *Marginalia*.

About E. K. there has been some controversy. Grosart conjecturally identified him as Edward Kirke (1553-1613), a contemporary of Spenser's at Pembroke Hall, and later of Caius College, who ended an otherwise undistinguished career as rector of Risby in Suffolk. Some scholars, however, have long entertained a suspicion, argued notably by Sommer in the introduction to his facsimile edition of the *Calender*, that E. K. was but a mask for Spenser himself, on the ground that some details given in the glosses are too intimate to come from another, that there are quotations in common between the commentary and Spenser's letters, and some errors in common between it and the poems. Certainly there is little inherent absurdity in the notion: strange things were done with initials at the period, and Spenser was shy enough to publish these poems anonymously. But the nature of the proffered evidence is insufficient, and Dr. Herford disposed of most of the details in his edition of the *Calender*; one can only add that after working through the poems and the glosses one feels the contact of a different, a less flexible mind: whether it was that of Edward Kirke no man can tell, for we have no other mirror of it. I find no reason to believe that Spenser invented this elaborate game, kept it up in his letters to Harvey, and contrived to disguise his mind and interests so thoroughly. E. K. may or may not be related to the Mistress Kerke who acted as Spenser's postmistress in Westminster, but he could scarcely be Spenser himself. The commonsense solution of the difficulties raised is to accept E. K.'s own statement, that *by meanes of some familiar acquaintance* he was *made priuie to his counsell and secret meaning in them*—had talked over the poems with Spenser, as no doubt other men had.

The commentary was compiled with Spenser's permission and assistance: that is clear. Ronsard had published his early works in the same fashion, with notes by Antoine Muret; and for the same reason, that he also

was the new learned poetry into France, realised that it would be found difficult, and demanded that it should be taken seriously. French and English were alike inspired, also, with a naïve and not unpleasant pedantry. They were academic poets, and issued their first essays with proper academic apparatus. For E. K.'s glosses are the ordinary notes of a sixteenth-century scholar dealing with a text, as it might be any humanist annotating a Greek or Latin author. He points out sources—none too candidly sometimes—explains mythological, historical, and, at times (and again not too candidly), personal allusions, and remarks on figures of speech and on unusual words and phrases which have a special significance or might cause difficulty. E. K. is the more copious, but Muret the better scholar. E. K. indeed probably represents the average non-professional scholarship of the day. He depends upon a none too reliable memory, which, however, is stored with reminiscences of very various reading. He is more concerned with curious learning than with how he gets it. In all scholarship of the time, commentators are almost as important as texts, and E. K. is no exception. He is often vague, and often in error, and the retracing his devious steps is not always easy, so that I have failed to account for some of his statements. That may not matter: but the following-up of his quotations and remarks is useful, since it does give the reader some notion of the equipment of a Cambridge man who went through the mill with Spenser himself in the 1570's. E. K.'s is rather a stiff mind, and often provoking erratic, but he has this virtue of his time, that he enjoyed his learning; and we forgive much to one so enthusiastic about his friend the poet. And Spenser evidently approved of his efforts, and so we get a little closer to his mind also.

The presence of the gloss involves a little confusion in such an edition as this. It could be avoided by combining E. K.'s notes and our own, as Dr. Herford did; but it seems better to present the book as Spenser planned it in consultation with his friends and as his first readers saw it. The presence of the gloss is itself a point of some importance which it would be wrong to obscure.

1: Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, i. 809:

Vnknowe vnkist, and lost that is vnsought.

The reader will observe the natural English instinct for alliteration behind the misquotation.

4: I cannot find this phrase in Lidgate.

39 : Antonius, in Cicero *de Oratore*, II, xiv : Quid ergo est ? fatebor ; aliquid tamen : ut, cum in sole ambulabam, etiamsi aliam ob causam ambulem, fieri natura tamen, ut colorer ; sic, cum istos libros . . . studiosus legerim, sentio orationem meam illorum tactu quasi colorari.

54 : Laurentius Valla (1405-57) worked out emendations to the text of Livy which are printed in several early editions. He is not uncritical, and can say " Solere nanque Liuium dure ac scabre loqui," but I find nothing to this purpose. E. K. may be remembering vaguely his historical *Disputatio de Tarquiniis aduersus Liuium ;* or of something which I have not found in the famous *Elegantiæ Linguæ Latinæ*.

55 : E. K. probably means Sir John Cheke (1514-1557), who, according to Milton, " taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek." Ascham gives Cheke's opinion of Sallust in his chapter on that writer, *Scholemaster*, ed. Arber, 154-9. His own English is archaistic rather than advanced.

64 : Cicero *de Oratore*, iii, 153 : Inusitata sunt prisca fere ac vetustate ab vsu quotidiani sermonis iam diu intermissa, quæ sunt poetarum licentiæ liberiora quam nostræ ; sed tamen raro habet etiam in oratione poeticum aliquid verbum dignitatem . . . aut alia multa, quibus loco positis grauior atque antiquior oratio sæpe videri solet. *Orator*, 80 : sed etiam inusitata ac prisca sunt in propriis, nisi quod raro vtimur. The words *bring great grace and . . . auctoritie* suggest also *Orator*, 120, though there Cicero speaks of historical examples, not of old words : Commemoratio autem antiquitatis exemplorumque prolatis summa cum delectatione et auctoritatem orationi affert et fidem. Such a mixture of origins is quite in E. K.'s manner.

86 : Cicero, *de Natura Deorum*, I, xxviii : Næuus in articulo pueri delectat Alcæum. At est corporis macula næuus. Illi tamen hoc lumen videbatur.

102-10 : E. K. probably has the translators particularly in mind, as well as such " scholarly " writers as Sir Thomas Elyot. The argument for purity is in the Cambridge tradition of Cheke : its appearance here merits comment, since, apparently, Spenser's borrowings from other tongues were so slight as to pass unnoticed by contemporaries. E. K. rightly concentrates on his archaism, since that was the characteristic noted, and disliked, by such critics as Sidney and Ben Jonson.

115 : Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticæ*, i, 10 : Fauorinus

philosophus adolescenti veterum verborum cupidissimo et plerasque voces nimis priscas et ignotissimas in quotidianis communibusque sermonibus expromenti . . . Tu autem perinde quasi cum matre Euandri nunc loquare, sermone abhinc multis annis iam desito vteris. Perhaps E. K. hints also at Thomas Wilson, who quotes the anecdote approvingly in his *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553.

124-35 : This hits at the school of stubborn humanists who refused to admit that English was capable of beauty or subtlety ; like Ascham proclaiming that " to haue written this boke either in latin or Greke . . . had been more easier and fit for mi trade in study." (Preface to *Toxophilus*.) These two " shames " are part of an argument that arose in every country when the vernacular writers began to assert themselves against popular indolence and humanist arrogance. The *locus classicus* is Joachim du Bellay's *Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Français*.

136-8 : The phrases are the technical terms of the rhetoricians, learned in Quintilian and still more in Cicero. As an example of the kind of thing E. K. had in mind it is worth while to quote Cicero's description of Crassus, *de Claris Oratoribus :* In his omnibus inest quidam sine vllo fuco veritatis color ; quin etiam comprehensio et ambitus ille verborum, si sic περίοδον appellari placet, erat apud illum contractus et breuis, et in membra quædam, quæ κῶλα Græci vocant, dispertiebat orationem libentius.

In all this E. K. shows himself a sound critic.

146 : Cf. Harman's phrase, in the dedication of *A Caueat for Cursetors*, 1566 : " these rowsey ragged rabblement of rakehelles." E. K. probably aims at the minor poets of the *Gorgeous Gallery*, who certainly overdid alliteration.

158 : Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi, 80.

165 : *June*, 65.

166 : *June*, 79.

174-92 : This passage is true to theory, which enjoined the young poet to follow Virgil's example, and begin with the simple and humble pastoral, before venturing upon anything ambitious. The *locus classicus* is Vida, *Ars Poetica*, i, 459-461, thus translated by Christopher Pitt :

> But in no Iliad let the youth engage
> His tender years and inexperienced age ;
> Let him by just degrees and steps proceed,
> Sing with the swains, and tune the tender reed.

184 : Mantuane, so called from his home and birthplace,

Mantua, was Baptista Spanuoli, 1448-1516, Vicar-General of the Order of Carmelites. His *Adolescentia seu Bucolica* was a common school-book, consisting of ten Eclogues on moral, ecclesiastical, and religious themes. For Spenser's extensive imitations of him, see the notes which follow.

Full somd means full-fledged and completely recovered from moulting : a falconer's term, such as Spenser himself affected.

Petrarch is best remembered by his Italian poems, but in his own eyes his most important poetical work was in Latin—twelve eclogues and the epic *Africa*.

185 : Boccaccio wrote sixteen Latin eclogues, as well as the Italian pastoral romance *L'Ameto*.

Clément Marot (1497-1544) wrote only two eclogues (in French) ; see *November* and *December* for Spenser's imitations.

Iacopo Sannazaro (1458-1530), known also by his latinised name Actus Syncerus, one of the Neapolitan school of humanist poets, included five eclogues among his Latin poems, but is best known by the famous *Arcadia*, and his inauguration of the literary-idealistic Arcadian tradition, distinct from the more personal tradition of Virgil to which Spenser belonged.

190 : The *principals* are the first two primary feathers of a hawk's wing.

199 : *.s.* is the abbreviation of *scilicet*.

204 : The *olde name* is that of *The Shepheardes Calender*, a country almanac of long standing, originally translated from French. It was still being reissued by the bookseller Walley at this time and for years after.

224-5 : The poems are lost, or were incorporated in later works. We know from E. K.'s references and Spenser's (in his letters to Harvey) that *Dreames* was to have been annotated by E. K. See particularly the postscript of the first letter. It is possible that something of the *Dreames* survives in *Complaints*, of *The Court of Cupide* in *The Faerie Queene* (e.g. III, xii and IV, x), and of the *Legendes* elsewhere in that poem.

P.S. : It seems strange to us that Harvey's friends regarded him as a poet at all. The fragments preserved in his Letter-book, though only first drafts, are extremely unpromising exercises in Skeltonics, and his experiments in classical metres are scarcely better. If the group of Cambridge friends took that sort of thing at all seriously, we can imagine what a phœnix Spenser was to them.

Harvey's Latin poems are better, but are dull academic copies of verses with little of the wildfire of his prose. See the gloss to *September*, page 124 hereafter. *Invention* and *Elocution* are the regular terms of criticism; we would say *matter and style*.

General Argument.

8-29: Warton says this is from Petrarch; I have not found it.

49ff.: With E. K.'s unnecessarily erudite argument cf. Harrison, *Description of England*, prefixed to Holinshed's *Chronicle*, III, xiv: "Our yeare is counted after the course of the sunne . . . Herein onelie I find a scruple, that the beginning thereof is not vniform and certeine for our records bear date the 25 of March, and our calenders the first of Ianuarie."

Some such statement was all E. K. required, but it would not be like him to dispose of the matter so summarily. See also the note on the Argument to *February*.

60: E. K. may have seen the *Opus preclarissimum astrolabij compositum a domino Andalo de nigro*, 1475, which treats of the making of astrolabes, and does indeed begin the month-section with March; but Andalo does not discuss the question, and I fear E. K.'s citation of him is but a show of erudition, and gathered from the frequent eulogistic allusions to him by his old pupil Boccaccio in the much-used mythological dictionary, *de Genealogia Deorum Gentilium*. E. K. may have had in mind Book VIII, chapter ii, which treats of Chronos and states that Andalo had calculated the *annus magnus*, but a vaguer general reminiscence is more likely.

Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, xii; which chapter, and the two following, are the main source of what follows.

80-84: See *Exodus*, xii and xiii. "Then the Lord spake to Moses and to Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying, This moneth *shalbe* vnto you the beginning of moneths: it *shalbe* to you the first moneth of the yeere." The Genevan side-note adds, at the first *moneth*: "Called Nisan, containing part of March and part of Aprill." And at the second, "As touching the observation of feasts: as for other policies, they reckon from September." At xiii, 4: "This day came ye out in the moneth of Abib," the Geneva note is: "Conteining part of March and part of Aprill."

Also *Exodus* xxiii, 15, *Deuteronomy* xvi, to the same purpose.

87ff.: All this comes from Macrobius: the reference to Julius Cæsar from I, xiv; the Greek name of the leap-days from xiii; the reference to Romulus from xii: Romanos quoque olim auctore Romulo annum suum decem habuisse mensibus ordinatum, qui annus incipiebat a Martio, et conficiebatur trecentis quatuor. Chapter xiii: Numa . . . factosque quinquaginta et sex dies, in duos nouos menses pari ratione diuisit, ac de duobus priorem Ianuarium nuncupauit, primumque anni esse voluit, tanquam bicipitis dei mensem. E. K. has had his Macrobius by him as he wrote.

115-9: For the feast of Pavilions, see *Leviticus* xxiii, 34, *Numbers* xxix, etc.

JANUARY.

The *Calender* begins with the dramatic *mise en scène* of the poet-shepherd, in the traditional rôle of hapless lover, descendant of the Cyclops of Theocritus and the Corydon and Gallus of Virgil. Spenser, however, "contaminates" with a fashionable, younger tradition, that of the despairing Petrarchan. The eclogue, indeed, is best regarded as a Petrarchan poem adapted to a pastoral setting. The mood is very frequent in Petrarch, and to him more than to any other may be traced the notion of the sympathy of nature with human feeling.

The verse is the common six-line stanza rhymed *a b a b c c*. Spenser seems to realise its tendency to break into a quatrain and a couplet, and tries to protect himself from it; but he was still only learning the art of rhythmical and grammatical variation within a fixed stanza—an art he was to make peculiarly his own in later years—and he does not handle his stanza here with notable distinction. He uses this form again, and better, in *December*. See also the interesting use of it in the dialogue part of *August*. The style is somewhat heavily adorned with flowers of rhetoric: the academic training lies fairly close behind, and the poet is only acquiring his own mastery. It should be remembered also that rhetoric was fashionable.

19-42: Cf. Petrarch's sestina, *L'aer gravato* (lxvi in Carducci's edition, which is used throughout):

L'aer gravato e l'importuna nebbia

Compressa intorno da rabbiosa venti
Tosto convien che si converta in pioggia :
E già son quasi di cristallo i fiumi,
E 'n vece de l'erbetta per le valli
Non si ved' altro che pruine e ghiaccio.
Et io nel cor via piú freddo che ghiaccio
Ho di gravi pensier tal una nebbia,
Qual si leva talor di queste valli,
Serrate incontr' a gli amorosi venti
E circundate di stagnanti fiumi,
Quando cade dal ciel piú lenta pioggia.
In picciol tempo passa ogni gran pioggia ;
E 'l caldo fa sparir le nevi e 'l ghiaccio,
Di che vanno superbi in vista i fiumi ;
Né mai nascose il ciel sí folta nebbia,
Che sopragiunta dal furor de' venti
Non fuggisse dai poggi e da le valli.
Ma, lasso ! a me non val fiorir di valli ;
Anzi piango al sereno et a la pioggia,
Et a' gelati et a' soavi venti :
Ch'allor fia un di madonna senza 'l ghiaccio
Dentro, e di for senza l'usata nebbia,
Ch' i' vedrò secco il mare e' laghi e i fiumi.

43-48 : Cf. *August*, 17-20. There may be a reminiscence here of Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 3-6, which became part of the pastoral tradition :

Infelix ô semper ouis pecus : ipse Neæram
Dum fouet, ac ne me sibi præferat illa veretur,
Hic alienus oueis custos bis mulget in hora :
Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

With the later poets the conduct and appearance of the flock are, however, part of the prevailing " pathetic fallacy."

49-53 : At the end of the sestina quoted above, Petrarch refers briefly to the day of his first meeting with Laura, which inspired the famous sonnet so often imitated—directly and *by reversal*—sonnet lxi, *Benedetto sia 'l giorno*. Spenser may also have known Dante's sonnet :

Io maledico il di ch'io vidi in prima
La luce de' vostri occhi traditori . . .

50 : Commentators have been tempted to buttress theories with the word *towne*. It is probably the ordinary northern usage, meaning *farm*—the *town* or *farm-town* is the farm buildings collectively. As such it dissolves in pastoral convention.

51 : *Stoure* here seems to mean merely *time*, and not

as in line 27 above, which E. K. glosses well enough. This is Spenser's only use of the word in this sense: for though E. K. glosses it *time, occasion,* at *December,* 66, in that place it may well have its usual Spenserian meaning of *trouble, evil moment.* The constant connotation of *evil* may have something to do with its use here: the exigencies of rhyme more, for Spenser is by no means precise in his use of certain words.

55-60: Probably a reminiscence of Virgil's second Eclogue, as E. K. hints, 63-66 and of his eighth, lines 32-33:

O digno coniuncta viro, dum despicis omneis,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ . . .

The first song of Aristeo in Poliziano's *Orfeo* is to the same tune, nor would it be difficult to find others.

71: *Abye* means *pay for:* the shepherd will revenge himself on them for their futility.

73-78: Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* i, ii, vi, x, and the pastoralists generally.

76: *Half* is really intensive. For this same *meiosis* see *Ruins of Time,* 235.

GLOSSE.

The addition of the surname to Marot's *Colin* was surely not fortuitous, since Skelton's *Colyn Cloute* is an earlier example of ante-prelatic satire, from which Spenser may have taken a few strokes. He used the name again in *Colin Clouts come home Againe,* and *The Faerie Queene,* VI, x, 16, and to all his poetical friends and disciples he was *Colin.*

4: *Marot:* Clément Marot (1495-1544), in his *Complainct de Madame Loyse de Savoye,* which Spenser imitated in *November.* E. K.'s depreciation of Marot (with which cf. the beginning of the *November* gloss) scarcely agrees with his citation of him among famous poets in his Epistle to Harvey. He evidently wishes to exalt his friend by contrast. Such ungraciousness is hardly likely from Spenser himself, who acknowledges his debt, unusually, in the *November* Emblem.

6: *Virgil* in his first Eclogue.

8: *The unlikelihood of the language* means the discrepancy that might be felt between Latin names and the countrified English speech of the poems. The French names are not so far removed.

12: Sir Thomas Smith (1513-1577), in his treatise *de Republica Anglorum,* Book I, chap. 19: "That which we

call in one syllable King, in english the old english men and the Saxons from whom our tongue is deriued to this day calleth in two syllables *cyning*, which whether it commeth of *can* or *ken* which betokeneth to know and vnderstand, or *can*, which betokeneth to be able or to haue power, I can not tell. The participle absolute of thone we vse yet, as when we say a cunning man, *Vir prudens aut sciens :* the verbe of thother as I can do this, *possum hoc facere.*"

The point of E. K.'s pride in having seen the manuscript is, that the book was yet unpublished ; though written in 1565 it was printed only in 1581, two years after E. K. wrote this note. Harvey was proud of his relationship to Smith, whose death he lamented in *Smithus, vel Musarum Lachrymæ*, 1578.

23 : *Hobbinol* is of course Gabriel Harvey, as E.K. " more largely declares " in his note on *October*, 176.

29 : *Beside his meaning :* this emphatic use of *beside* is now disused. E. K. implies *entirely away from his meaning.*

30 : Plato, *Alcibiades*, I, 131 ; Xenophon, *Symposium*, viii ; Maximus Tyrius, *Dissertationes*, viii-xi.

44-5 : An *epanorthosis* is a rhetorical correction of something already said. Spenser's use, and E.K.'s admiration, of *paronomasia* reminds us that the *pun* was still a respectable figure of rhetoric.

47 : *Rosalinde :* See our introductory remarks.

50 : *Corynna :* e.g. *Amores*, xii, xiii, xvii ; and *Tristia*, IV, x, 59-60 :

Mouerat ingenium totam cantata per vrbem
Nomine non vero dicta Corinna mihi.

52 : *Aruntius Stella :* This comes from Statius, *Epithalamion Stellæ et Violentillæ* (*Silvæ*, I, ii), 197-8 :

Asteris et vatis totam cantata per vrbem
Asteris ante dapes, nocte Asteris, Asteris ortu . . .

and Martial, VII, xiv, 5 :

Vel Stellæ cantata meo, quas fleuit Hiantis . . .

E. K. is of course quoting commentators.

57 : *Madonna Cœlia :* E.K. refers to *Lettre Amorose di Madonna Celia Gentildonna Romana. Scritte al suo Amante.* Venice, 1562. The phrasing suggests that he has by him the preliminary note : " Il nome di Zima : che nelle presenti lettere si troua, fu nel principio di questo amore per poterla copertamente nominare, imposto a Madonna Celia : essendo ella altresi la piu ornata, &

piu pulita gentildonna di Roma." She calls herself sometimes Celia and sometimes Zima. I have not succeeded in tracing *Petrona*.

FEBRUARY.

In his study of the *Calender*, Dr. J. J. Higginson reads into this eclogue an allegorical description of the execution of the 4th Duke of Norfolk in 1572. His argument seems to me not only unconvincing, but unnecessary. E. K.'s statement in the argument to the poem is quite categorical, and though he sometimes lacks candour, he rarely takes refuge in downright lies. Nor are we entitled to suspect him without much more reason than we have here. Spenser always regarded "moral wiseness" as part of his poetic duty, as *Piers* says it is, in *October*. The reverence due to age and station may seem a strange theme for the innovating poet, but is in line with Spenser's ideals and character. Mantuan the Carmelite might be allowed his sermon *de Natura Mulierum;* here the future poet of chivalry, the disciple of Chaucer, discourses on the danger of newfangleness, and Colin's *Thenot*, like Shakespeare's Ulysses, on the value of Order.

Though his theme is quite different, Spenser seems to have taken some of the setting from Mantuan's sixth Eclogue. Mantuan's scene is winter: the two interlocutors argue on the virtues of town and country, and one of them reports the argument of a third, *Amyntas*. Spenser changes the subject to an argument between youth and age, and makes the reported part a fable, a variant of Æsop's tale of the Oak and the Reed.

The peculiar verse, which is used again in *May* and *September*, has caused some difficulty and some argument. It is a loose accentual metre, varying from four to five beats, and occurs nowhere else in Spenser or in any other English poet, until Coleridge, another great metrist, remodelled it. The reason for its adoption is clear: the rough verse suits the rough talk of the shepherds, and its old-fashioned effect matches their old-fashioned country speech. The origins, and the exact value Spenser gave to the variable lines, are more difficult questions. Was the verse of these eclogues a direct imitation of Chaucer's couplet as it might be read without attention to the syllabic value of final *e*? It is possible. The sixteenth-century editions of Chaucer would certainly suggest such

reading. But would Spenser, who himself gave syllabic value, as an occasional licence, to plural *-es*, read his master's verse with so little discrimination? And was the metrical secret so entirely lost? Dr. Herford describes the lines in *Maye*,

> Tho opened he the dore, and in came
> The false Foxe, as he were starke lame,

as "absolutely devoid of metrical effect": but they could be read:

> Tho opened he the dorë, and in came
> The falsë Foxe, as he were starkë lame:

which is possible Chaucerian verse, if not Chaucerian grammar. Here as elsewhere a compromise may be permitted. There was probably a tradition—Wyatt and Surrey, disciples also of Chaucer in their time, seem to have known it—that in reading Chaucer one might sometimes sound final *e*. But when? That can be decided only by one who has, like ten Brink, a scholar's knowledge, or, like Chaucer, an instinctive, habitual knowledge, of fourteenth-century English. (For that matter, ten Brink's reading of Chaucerian verse is probably more rigid than Chaucer's: he explains some lines at which their author might only sigh.) Thynne's and Speght's editions, again, include some later works which were not Chaucer's and in which the treatment of words differs slightly from his; and, further, historical study had not made plain the origins and nature of Langland's verse.

We may sum up the probable sixteenth-century notion thus: there is in older poetry, and especially in Chaucer, a kind of verse which is not strictly syllabic, but accentual. Occasionally it approximates to our ten-syllable line, but it may have nine or eleven syllables: and to our iambic line, but it may be trochaic or even anapæstic: with a little manipulation it can be made to sound fairly regular.

The value of the experiment for Spenser, lay in the freedom of movement which this loose verse afforded. A few years earlier, Gascoigne had lamented the rigidity of contemporary verse, and explained that this rigidity was necessary, for attempts at freedom only resulted in formlessness. But freedom was necessary; a fine metrist was needed to discover the secret; and here we have part of the experimental process by which Spenser achieved rhythmical freedom, discovered its values and its limits, and taught it to his generation.

Cuddie appears in *August*, where he sings *Colin's* sestina,

and therefore represents a close friend; and in *October*, where he may possibly be E.K. himself. *Thenot* appears in *April* and *November*. The reappearance of the same name may imply the same person, but we cannot be quite sure.

Argument: There are various possible reasons for E.K.'s statement that the year draws to its close in February. He may mean that February is the end of winter: which is simple. On the other hand, the statement may reflect something in the history of the book. *November*, as its lines 14-16 show, was originally a February poem: Spenser may have transposed it and the present *February* on several valid artistic considerations—to separate it further from the similar verse-form of *April*, or to space out the couplet poems evenly, or to introduce a moral poem early in the book, or to avoid opening with two personal poems, and so on. Or this may have been written later, after some arrangement had been made, and displaced *November* for the same reasons. Again, the statement may throw light on the rather unnecessary discussion of the year's beginning in the General Argument. The eclogue may have been relegated to February before E.K. wrote the argument to it, and when he wrote he thought of the year as beginning in March, which conflicts with his conclusion in the general Argument written later. Spenser also thought of the year as beginning in March when he wrote the February passage in *November*; he changed his mind about the arrangement, and argued it out with E.K., who naturally imagined that others might share their difficulty, and, having looked up the authorities. tried to justify his author's decision in the General Argument.

8: Spenser would probably claim that the clumsy change from plural to singular was *decorous* with the rude speaker. *Avales* means *droops*.

11-14: Cf. Smith, *de Republica Anglorum*, p. 4: "For the nature of man is neuer to stand still in one maner of estate, but to grow from the lesse to the more, and decay from the more again to the lesse, till it come to the fatall end and destruction, with many turnes and turmoyles of sicknesse and recouering, seldome standing in a perfect health, neither of a man's bodie itselfe, nor of the politique bodie which is compact of the same.

27-29: Cf. Ovid, *Met.* xv, 212:

Inde senilis Hyems tremula venit horrida passu.

35-50 : Mantuan, vi, 19-24 :

Pauperiem declarat hyems : improuida certe
Turba sumus iuuenes, securi æstate vagamur
Immemores hyemis ; nostrum æs, tibicinis omne est.
Ut redit e Scythia Boreas, nidosque volucrum
Frondibus ostendit nudata cadentibus arbor,
Frigemus nudi scapulas, dorsum, ilia, plantas.

55 : Cf. Chaucer, *Reve's Tale*.

My head is toty of my swink tonight.

57 : *Lop and Top* is a woodman's phrase, suited to the rustic speaker.

77-84 : Cf. *January*, 43-48. For the use of *can*, see E.K.'s gloss to *January*, 10.

81 : *Blowen bags*, swelling udders : more important then than now, when we no longer milk the ewes.

90 : The proverbial phrase *Stoope-gallant* was sometimes applied to a low door. Spenser probably thinks of it more generally.

91-97 : Cf. Mantuan, vi, 38-40 :

causam recitabat Amyntas.
. . . sed quid recitarit Amyntas
Dic, precor : in causis erat ingeniosus et acer.

95 : *Novells* reflects the Italian *novelle*, tales.

114 : *Honor* is probably a Virgilian reminiscence, *Georgics*, ii, 403-4 :

Et iam olim, seras posuit cum vinea frondeis,
Frigidus et siluis Aquilo decussit honorem.

Spenser's mind was stored with such phrases ; cf. line 181.

129-132 : The mention of red and white roses, and a *mayden Queene*, make one suspect a reference to Queen Elizabeth : see *April*, 68, and E.K.'s note thereon. Along with lines 207-213, it has provoked the ingenuity of commentators ; but though Spenser may have had the proverbial upstart courtier in mind, the intention is probably only a passing reflection.

181 : *Locks* suggests, again, a general Virgilian memory, along with lines 206-210 and *Æneid* vii, 59-62 :

Laurus erat tecti medio, in penetralibus altis,
Sacra comam, multosque metu seruata per annos :
Quam pater inuentam, primas cum conderet arces,
Ipse ferebatur Phœbo sacrasse Latinus.

and also lines 215-220 and *Æneid* ii, 628-631 :

[ornus] vsque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat :
Vulneribus donec paullatim euicta supremum

Congemuit, traxitque iugis auolsa ruinam.

207-213 : This is the other passage which has suggested contemporary reference, and Dr. Higginson builds upon it. Yet it is not surprising to find our antiquarian poet remembering the stories of Druid tree-worship, country customs that contain vestiges of old magic, and boundary-ridings that gave their name to many Gospel Oaks. The really difficult lines are 111-112 ; but if we read them along with lines 203-206, so contrary in sentiment, it seems clear that they are spoken from the cynical point of view of the Brier, or of an observer who voices his sympathy, after the English manner, in apparent cynicism : this *holy eld* business is all nonsense ; anyone who believes in it will only come to grief ; nobody respects *honourable old age* nowadays ! Such reflections would be in many men's minds at such a time of social change as the sixteenth century—or the twentieth.

239-240 : Thus spake Harry Bailey to Chaucer ; and Mantuan's *Cornix* had the same opinion of the argument of *Amyntas*, 106-111 :

> Mirabar si quid recti dixisset Amyntas.
> Ciuis erat. Semper nobis vrbane iuuentus,
> Cui nihil est præter stulta hæc commenta negoti,
> Ludit, in agrestes semper ioculatur, et vrbis
> Talia garrulitas, et vaniloquentia fingit.
> At neque de superis pudet has componere nugas. . . ;

Gloss.

1 : *Thenot* appears in Marot's *Complainct de Madame Loyse de Savoye*.

12 : The line is one of the *Sententiæ* collected from the Mimes of Publilius (or Publius) Syrus. It occurs, for instance, in Major's *Sententiæ*, p. 194.

14 : *Chaucer's verse* is in *The Hous of Fame*, iii, 134-6 :

> And pypes made of grene corne,
> As han thise litel herde-gromes
> That kepen bestes in the bromes.

31 : The name of *Phyllis* is not used by Theocritus, but is common in Virgil, Mantuan, Calpurnius, and other pastoralists.

43 : Cf. the opening of the Epistle to Harvey.

46 : Cf. *Hymne of Beautie*, 137.

51 : *Icon or Hypotyposis* means *image or type*.

54 : E.K.'s explanation would mean a bad tautology.

Spenser intended the word to be equivalent to *wonted, were wont.*

62 : *Said,* not *Chaucer,* but an imitator, in *The Plowman's Tale,* line 1 :

A sterne strife is stirred new
In manie steedes in a stound.

The poem was printed by the early editors among the Canterbury Tales, and accepted as Chaucer's.

86 : Virgil does not say this ; nor can I find it, though something like it is in Silius Italicus, *Punicorum,* v. 398 :

Dant gemitum scopuli. . . .

Spenser may have remembered Flaccus, *Argonauticon,* iii, 164 :

. . . cuneisque gemit robur adactis.

126-132 : I cannot find this in the *Adagia* of Erasmus.

MARCH.

Here, as in *August,* Spenser returns to the earlier pastoral tradition, before the allegorical habit was extended by Virgil. After a pleasant naturalistic opening, he tries to adapt the artificial Cupid-idyll style to English detail, the main motive of the eclogue being a version of Bion's Idyll of Love and the Fowler. Spenser's method of imitation here differs significantly from that in the other eclogues. He had his Mantuan, Marot, Virgil, Petrarch by him as he wrote, and took over from them phrases, images, and whole passages directly translated. From Bion he is content with the story, and that he treats in his own way. Bion's bird-snarer sees Cupid in a box-tree, and, being but a boy, mistakes him for a bird and tries to catch him with his rods and birdlime ; seeing his efforts vain, he complains to an old herdsman who warns him against this strange bird, saying that when he is older he will discover how dangerous it is. The part of the old man is partly taken over by *Willye* and his report of his father, but *Thomalin* is old enough to feel the wounds of love. The result is not of the happiest. This sort of confection depends for its effect on lightness of touch, and Spenser's tastes overcame his judgment in leading him to make a full descriptive painting of what at best is only a decoration. It is not merely the incongruity of Cupid and his English archer that falsifies the thing : we are not disturbed by the Graces and the Muses in *April* : the sporting episode is too realistic—too good, indeed—

for such a quarry as this playful lyric convention of a Cupid. Spenser felt the requirements of the idyll sufficiently to make him simplify his style, but that simplification was in the direction of realistic conversation, and he did not realise that simplification of detail was also necessary. This sort of thing was not really in Spenser's line: he required more room, and subjects that would stand his habitual solidity of construction.

The verse is the old romance stanza whose jogtrot Chaucer satirised in *Sir Thopas*. Spenser used it here, I presume, because of its speed, and because of its association with simple rhyming in his own time. He never used it again; for with all its rapidity it can be deadly monotonous, and it allows little scope for rhythmical variation. In verse as in subject Spenser required room.

12: *Studde* means a shoot, or stem. Cf. *Virgils Gnat*, 84.

34-39: Virgil brings in a boy to watch the flock while the shepherds talk, *Ecl.* v, 12: Incipe: pascenteis seruabit Tityrus hædos.

Spenser is nearer Theocritus, I, 14:

. . . τὰς δ' αἰγας ἐγὼν ἐν τῶιδε νομευσῶ.

49: *Vnhappy* means both *unlucky* and *troublesome*.

52-54: The two verbs *vnioynted* and *ioynted* mean the same. The ewe had dislocated her leg: if she had dislocated her neck at the same time, she would have had no need of medicine. This is perhaps the nearest approach to a popular English mode of expression in the whole book.

55-56: She was skittish and wild, but she has learned her lesson. *Can* means *knows*, as before.

61: Here begins the version of Bion's idyll.

67: Spenser visualises the whole affair, and makes his fowler hear, before he sees, the quarry. The point is good and natural, but not useful here.

73: *Thicke* is a *thicket*.

95-102: This is not in Bion, whose *Ixeutas* is too young to feel the pangs of love.

103-114: The ending is rather feeble, for Cupid has already been recognised. Spenser makes a story out of what is really an epigram, and the point of the epigram has been anticipated.

Willyes Embleme is from Publilius Syrus, quoted by Major, *Sententiæ*, p. 83:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

Thomalins Embleme is from Plautus, *Cistellaria*, I, i, 70-71:

Nanque ecastor amor et melle est et felle fœcundissimus ; Gustu qui dat dulce ; amarum ad satietatem usque oggerit. The first line is quoted by Major, p. 85. Cf. Apuleius, II, x, Barnefield's *Affectionate Shepheard*, Ronsard, and others : also *The Faerie Queene*, IV, x, 1 :

> True he it said, what euer man it sayd,
> That loue with gall and hony doth abound,
> But if the one be with the other wayd,
> For euery dram of hony therein found,
> A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.

GLOSSE.

1 : Not Theocritus, but Bion. The poem was available to Spenser in Latin, as usual printed with the Greek text, and in the French of Baïf, *Passetems*, II.

11 : The story is not in Tacitus, but in Boccaccio, *de Genealogia Deorum*, IV, lxi, where it is copied from Lactantius *de Falsa Religione*, 20. I can find no trace of *Andronica*.

20-22 : Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, I, xii, already used by E. K. in his General Argument.

26 : *Lethe* was, of course, not a *lake*, but a *river*, and souls *drank* of it. Spenser probably had in mind Virgil's use of *lacus* for Styx in *Æneid*, vi. The second error may have arisen from a memory of Achilles being dipped in Styx by his mother, as noted further on.

38 : Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 33-34.

45 : E. K. quotes from memory ; *Sir Thopas*, 180-182 :

> Now hold your mouth for charite
> Both knight and lady free
> And herkeneth to my spell.

58 : Propertius, III, xii ; Moschus, Idyll i ; Politianus, among his Epigrammata. Spenser's version (apparently from Politian's translation, not from Moschus direct) is not extant, but was worked up magnificently in *The Faerie Queene*, III, vi, 11-25. We may deduce that the *Calender* gives only a selection from Spenser's experiments in Pastoral ; and the comparison of this eclogue with the passage cited in *The Faerie Queene* shows what Spenser could make of this sort of thing when he had space at his command.

64 : *Deliver* is common Elizabethan for *agile*.

66 : This is not in Homer, though it was perhaps natural for E. K. to refer all the Achilles legend to him. He

probably got it, not from Eustathius, but from Boccaccio, XII, lii, who quotes Fulgentius, *Mythologia*, III, vii: "Denique Achillem natum velut hominum perfectum mater in aquas intinguit Stigias, id est: durum contra omnes labores munit; solum in talum non tinguit, nihilominus illud fisicum significare volentes, quod venæ quæ in talo sunt ad renum et femorum atque virilium rationem pertineat . . ." and so on. Dr. Mustard, in *Modern Language Notes* for 1919, gives the reference to Hippocrates *de Aere*, xxix, but E. K. probably took it from a commentator.

APRIL.

For the panegyric upon the monarch there was ample warrant in Theocritus, *Idyll* xvi, and in Virgil's praise of his powerful friends.

The partial linking of the dialogue quatrains shows the constant tendency to continuous rhyming which is the basis of all Spenser's stanzaic experiments. He learned this particular trick from Marot's *Eclogue au Roy* (see *December*), but it is like himself. The two quatrains 21-28 make up the stanza of *June*. The same occasional carrying-over of quatrain rhymes appears later, with admirable effect, in *Colin Clouts come home Againe*.

The verse of the "laye" is an entirely new invention. The suggestion probably came from the varied lyrical stanzas of Ronsard and his clan, and, as with them, the inspiration is that of music. There had always been songs of varied line-length, and now, when the art of music was developing faster than that of versification, and the need of varied stanza-forms was emphasised by the importation of Italian and French madrigals and ayres (and the demand for English words for them), and then by the requirements of the brilliant school of English composers. The date of this poem shows that Spenser learned the lesson early, and was able to transmit it to his younger followers. A brief comparison with the romance-jingle of *March* shows how speed of movement is retained, with added lightness; and not only is the speed varied more interestingly and beautifully within the stanza, but the capacity of the stanza for more subtle and complete variation of movement and effect is immeasurably greater. Of all the *Calender* this "lay" was

probably the most striking to contemporaries, and the most influential.

For *Thenot* and *Hobbinol*, see the notes on *January* (55 and gloss) and *February*.

6 : The phrase is somewhat compressed ; read as *the year* (i.e. the weather) *which quenches* . . .

21 : Cf. *September*, 171-6. All doubts as to the meaning of this were set at rest when the late Professor Gollancz found a copy of Turler's *Traveiler*, on the title-page of which Gabriel Harvey had written : *Ex dono Edmundi Spenserij, Episcopij Roffensis Secretarij*, 1578. Dr. John Young, Master of Pembroke Hall and at times a good friend to Harvey, became Bishop of Rochester in 1578. See the Proceedings of the British Academy, 1908, and Dr. Moore Smith's collection of Harvey's *Marginalia*, p. 173.

33-5 : The identical rhyme, *rime equivoque*, was still liked by Spenser, though it smacks not only of the ancientry of Chaucer, but more of the bad taste of the fifteenth century.

37-45 : The invocation might seem a diminution of the traditional epic exordium, but it was already common. See the opening of an epigram ascribed to Virgil and quite to Spenser's taste :

> Adeste Musæ, maximi proles Iouis :
> Laudes seracis prædicimus hortuli . . .

73-81 : This is a Petrarchan commonplace. Cf. the much-imitated sonnet cxv, *In mezzo di duo*.

99 : Again from the pseudo-Chaucer, *The Plowman's prologue*, 14 :

> He was forswonke and all forswat.

122-6 : The Spanish wars late in her reign make us forget that Elizabeth gave England peace for many years. As Stubbs says, four years later ; *Anatomie of Abuses*, II, i : "The whole lande . . . is, and hath bene, at peace and vnitie, not onely within it selfe, but also abroad, for this foure or fiue and twenty yeeres . . . The like continuaunce of peace was neuer heard of, not this hundred yeeres before, as this country hath inioied since hir maiesties reigne." And Ocland, ΕΙΡΗΝΑΡΧΙΑ *sive Elizabetha. De pacatissimo Angliæ statu*, 1582 :

> Tres & viginti gaudentes pace Britanni
> Annos tranquilla, terra marique vagentur
> Immunes damni, quod fert lachrymabile bellum.

Ronsard also celebrated, and in a pastoral, the peace between France and England.

143 : Like some other flowers of Spenser's, the *chevisaunce* cannot be identified. In Chaucer the word means *borrowing or bargain*, and so Spenser uses it at *May*, 92 ; in *The Faerie Queene*, II, ix, 8 and elsewhere, he produces the meaning *knightly enterprise*, by confusion with *chevauchée*. Probably Spenser had no particular flower in mind ; but he may have remembered vaguely the *Chrysanthus* of Virgil, *Culex*, 405, which he did not translate in *Virgils Gnat*.

GLOSS.

5 : *Delay* is the French *délayer*, to moisten or dilute.

17 : See our note on the text-passage.

22 : By *glenne* Spenser probably meant *valley*, in which sense he uses the word at *Faerie Queene*, III, vii, 6.

32 : *Myrto* is mentioned in the seventh Idyll of Theocritus, line 97, as beloved of Semichidas. E. K. is vague as usual.

33 : The form *Lauretta* for *Laura* comes from Patrarch's sonnet v, *Quando io movo. . . .*

34 : Stesichorus came from the town of *Himera*, which he mentions in his fables. E. K. is talking somewhat at large. The story of his blindness is in Plato, *Phaedrus*, 343. See *Colin Clout comes home Againe*, 919-926, and our note there.

42 : The etymology is wrong as usual. *Frenne* is the O.E. *fremde*, and has no connection with *foreign*.

52-4 : Cf. E. K.'s note on *October*, 47.

57 : I do not know why Apollo is said to be father of the Muses, instead of Jupiter. Spenser gives the same paternity in *The Teares of the Muses*.

61 : The transference of the name *Helicon* from the mountain to the well is older than Spenser. Cf. Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*, ii, 13-14 :

> Helpeth, that in Pernaso dwell
> Beside Elicon the clere well.

So also Caxton and Skelton.

70 : The phrase is not to be found in Hesiod.

72 : The tale of *Syrinx* is from Ovid, *Met.* i, 704-711.

85 : The quotation is from *Iliad*, ii, 196-7.

89 : In designating Henry VIII by *Pan*, Spenser follows Marot, who applies the name to François I in his *Complainct au Roy* and *Complainct de Madame Loyse*. In using it of

Christ (*May*, 54; *July*, 49), he follows Marot's *Complainct d'un Pastoureau Chrestien*.

119: E. K. quotes a verse mnemonic, by Ausonius, printed as Virgil's in early editions.

122: Commenting on Mantuan, Eclogue iv, Badius Ascensius says: *Polymnia*] à πολὺ .i. multum, & μνεία .i. memoria, cuius filiæ Musæ sunt. Dicitur enim Polyhymnia .i. multorum hymnorum, seu laudum.

129: The sonnet of Petrarch is cclxiii in Carducci's edition.

131: The note on the Graces may come from Servius, or Seneca *de Beneficiis*; the reference to Theodontius suggests that it comes direct from Boccaccio, *de Genealogia Deorum*, v, xxxv.

157: The condemnation of the Arthurian romances is probably another Cambridge tradition, from Ascham. See his *Scholemaster*, ed. Arber, p. 80. Spenser may have had in mind Leicester's entertainment of Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575; if not at first hand then from Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth* or Robert Laneham's *Letter*. Laneham (ed. Furnivall, p. 6-7), says: "Her highnes . . . rode vnto the inner gate . . . where the Lady of the Lake (famous in King Arthurz book) with too Nymphes wayting vppon her . . . floting to land, met her Maiesty with a well penned meter and matter." And so on.

163: The story of *Chloris* is in Ovid, *Fasti*, v, 197-212. E. K. may have taken it also from Boccaccio, *de Genealogia Deorum*, IV, lxi.

174: This may come from Servius *in Georgic*, i, 12; but Boccaccio is more probable, *de Gen. Deor.*, V, xlvii, who took it from Lactantius *de Falsa Religione*.

183: Tusser includes *sops in wine* among "Herbes branches and flowers for windowes and pots." It is the clove-pink; *coronation*, carnation.

196: The story again comes from Ovid, *Met.* vi, 146-311.

212: The Emblem is quoted from *Æneid*, i, 327-8.

MAYE.

Here enters the theme of ecclesiastical politics. The best and briefest statement of Puritan opinion is the manifesto of Field and Wilcox, *An Admonition to Parliament*, 1572, and for the opposite view, the controversial works of Whitgift. The most compendious and wearisome

statement is Whitgift's *Defense of the Aunser to the Admonition, against the Replie of T. C[artwright]*, 1574, wherein the *Admonition*, Whitgift's *Answer*, Cartwright's *Replie*, and Whitgift's *Defense* are printed analytically, sentence by sentence, with much citation of authority. Spenser's argument, as I have said, is not so much doctrinal as directed against those *Lordly Lords, Archbishops, Bishops, Suffragans, Deanes . . . and the rest of that proud generation*, whose state the *Admonition* attacked. See also Stubbs, *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, Part II, ii, republished by the Shakespeare Society.

The fable is on slightly different ground, and attacks the secret adherents of Rome as does the last section of *September*. The High Church party, whose love of ceremonies cast suspicion, in Puritan eyes, on the sincerity of their attachment to Protestant principles, may also be within range of the guns. The second section of *Mother Hubberds Tale*, which was written about the same time, contains reminiscences of the same phrases, and should be consulted.

For the verse, see the note on *February*.

1-36 : Cf. Stubbs, *Anatomie*, pp. 148-150 : " Against *May*, *Whitsonday*, or other time, all the yung men and maides, olde men and wiues, run gadding ouer night to the woods, groues, hils, & mountains, where they spend all the night in plesant pastimes ; & in the morning they return, bringing with them birch & branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall." See also Furnivall's notes.

39 : The change from reality to metaphor is rather violent.

39-44 : Cf. *Julye*, 154-6, 187-204 ; *September*, 80-81, 230-235 ; *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 394-5, 458, and our notes thereon. Cf. also Marot, *Complainct d'un Pastoureau Chrestien*, 55-59 :

> Si est ce, Pan, vn cas par trop estrange
> Veoir pastoureaux par le pays estrange
> Courir ainsi, laissant leurs maisonnettes
> Où ils souloient par belles chansonnettes
> Louer ton nom et ta haute excellence.

45-54 : Cf. Stubbs, *Anatomie*, II, ii : " *Theodorus*. But they say, though they be not present by themselues, yet be they present by their substitutes and deputies : is not that a sufficient discharge for them before God ? *Amphilogus*. I grant they are present by their deputies and substitutes, but if a man shoulde looke into a great

sort of them, he should find them suche as are fitter to feed hogs, than christian soules. . . . They will read you their service faire and cleanly . . . and when they haue done, they will to all kinde of wanton pastimes and delights. . . . Their deputies shall not excuse them at the day of iudgement."

Cf. *Julye*, 179, and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 515-540.

55-72 : Cf. *Julye*, 209-212.

63-66 : Cf. *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 395, 455-8.

75-94 : Cf. *Julye*, 187-194, 197-8 ; *September*, 112-115, 136-7. Also *Faerie Queene*, I, x, 38.

95-100 : Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, VIII, lxxxv : [Simiæ] gestant catulos quæ mansuefactæ intra domos peperere, omnibus demonstrant tractarique gaudent, gratulationem intelligentibus similes. Itaque magna ex parte complectendo necant. Whitney has it in his *Emblems*, 1586, under the rubric " Cæcus amor prolis."

103-125 : This is typical Puritan citation of the primitive simplicity of the Church. Cf. *Julye*, 153, 165-178, 181-6, 203-4 ; *September*, 42-46.

119-125 : Cf. *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 419-423.

126-129 : Cf. *September*, 146-225. This is somewhat confused : the wolves disguised as shepherds devoured the sheep entrusted to them, and also the true shepherds. The meaning seems to be, that secret Catholics—and High Churchmen, perhaps, who were not much better—obtained cures and misled their people, and also harmed the good pastors associated with them.

132-147 : Cf. 158-168. The opening triad imitates the Wisdom books of the Bible.

149-157 : Cf. *September*, 236-241, and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 446-459.

158-163 : This is the common call for peace in the Church, as in Whitgift, *Defense of the answere*, p. 2 : " Therfore this pretence of restoring the right gouernment of the Churche, with so great disquietnesse of the same, is but a couer to hyde the further purposes of Satan the enimie of the peace and quietnesse of the Church." He quotes on his title-page : " If any man be contentious, we haue no such custome, neyther the Churches of God," *i Cor. xi*, 16 and *Gal. v*, 26 : " Let vs not be desirous of vaine glorie, prouoking one another, enuying one another." Stubbs also pleads for peace ; but at this time the Puritan way of securing it was by freedom, the episcopal, by discipline.

164-171 : This expresses the thorough-going Puritan attitude, as in *The Second Admonition*, folio 35, speaking of Bishops : " God amend and forgiue them, for else they did battell to Christ and his Church, and it must bid defiance to them, till they yield."

168 : 2 *Corinthians* vi, 14 : What fellowship hath righteousness with vnrighteousnesse ? and what communion hath light with darknesse ?

241 : A *biggen* is a close-fitting cap.

245 : This use of the ethical dative, *me*, is common among sixteenth-century writers.

GLOSS.

6 : *Where* is used as a noun, as at *The Faerie Queene*, III, iv, 19 :

Finding the Nymph asleep in secret wheare.

21ff : All this, including the citations of Eusebius (v. 17) and Plutarch (*de Defectu Oraculorum*, xvii), comes from Ludwig Lavater, *de Larvis*, translated by Robert Harrison, *Of Ghostes and spirits walking by night* . . . 1572, Part I, chap. xix, pp. 94-5.

52 : Erasmus, *Adagia*, IV, iv, 87, quotes : " Præstat inuidiosum esse quam miserabilem," and cites Pindar (*Pyth.* i, 85, 164) and Herodotus (*Thaleia*, 52). I have not found E. K.'s version.

59 : Cicero quotes this epitaph in *Tusc. Disp.* v, xxxix, 101. The translation appears in the first of Spenser's letters to Harvey (*Three* . . . *Letters*, 1580). This has been used as an argument for the identification of E. K. with Spenser himself. But as E. K. was *in familiar acquaintance* with Spenser, he may well have heard it from Spenser also.

75 : Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury. See notes on *Julye*.

83 : *Deuteronomy*, x, 9 : " Wherefore Leui hath no part nor inheritance with his brethren : *for* the Lord is his inheritance, as the Lord thy God hath promised him." So also at chapter xviii, 2, and elsewhere.

90 : E. K. is somewhat eager to cover the Puritan tone here ; but it is clear nevertheless. It is possible that the future cleric scarcely approved.

98 : From Boccaccio, *de Montibus*, attached to *de Genealogia Deorum*, and that work, IV, xxxi.

141 : An *hyperbaton* is a transposition of words : here, I take it, the words are, *thy father*.

145: Virgil, *Æneid*, iii, 490.

153: For this story, see Holinshed, an. dom. 1483, and *A Mirror for Magistrates*, on Hastings, edition of 1549, fol. cviii. Shakespeare, of course, did not omit such a picturesque detail: *Richard II*, III, iv, 86-7.

179: This is the first use of *stounds* in the *Calender*, and E. K. remarks on it nowhere else, so his *aforesayde* is an oversight, or else there have been alterations. Perhaps he was thinking of *stowres*, in *January*, 27, which he glosses a *fitt*.

182: Coined as a pseudo-respectful term, like *your lordship*.

188: The *epiphonema* is the moral, which sums up the whole.

192: The reference is to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.

195: The phrase *Sir John* was common, and depreciatory. Cf. the Scottish *Mess-John*.

203: The emblem is not in Theognis; nor have I found it. Cf. Mantuan, *Ecl.* iv, 15: "Qui non credit, inops fidei," which Badius calls proverbial.

JUNE.

Here we see Spenser in one of his not infrequent moods of despondency. He is unhappy in love, no one seems to care for his poetry and learning, and he has found no settled occupation. The poem must refer to the time before he took service with the Bishop of Rochester, and perhaps commemorates Harvey's part in bringing about that appointment. What the poet was doing before he went to Kent we do not know, nor how far north the "hills" were. Mr. Long, who interprets *Rosalind* as *Eliza Nord*, takes *north-partes* to be a jocular reference to the home of the North family, Kirtling, near Cambridge, though that will scarcely suit *these hills* (*Anglia*, 1908). Dr. Grosart's argument for Lancashire seems to be based largely on a desire—perhaps unconscious—to claim Spenser for his own parish. *North* is a relative term: cf. *Punch*, 1930.

The eight-line stanza may have developed from the linked quatrain of *April*, or direct, by reversing a second quatrain after a first. This difficult form only avoids monotony by the admirable skill with which Spenser handles it.

1-16: There is a strong reminiscence here of Virgil's

first eclogue. Spenser, thrown on the world, is in the position of Melibœus, and to him Gabriel Harvey, still in the happy security of the University, seems as fortunate as Tityrus. He cleverly divides the speech of Melibœus, lines 47-59, between the two speakers: *Hobbinol's* first stanza recalls the waters, the cool shade, the flowers, the breeze, and the singing birds of lines 52-59:

heic inter flumina nota,
Et fonteis sacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite sæpes
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
Sæpe leui somnum suadebit inire susurro:
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras:
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes:
Nec gemere aëra cessabit turtur ab vlmos.

And *Colin* replies, though citing other dangers for the flock, in effect:

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt . . .

Non insueta graveis tentabunt pabula fetas:
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædunt.

Compare Spenser's sonnet to Harvey, printed by the latter at the end of *Foure Letters:*

Haruey, the happy aboue happiest men
I read . . .

25-27: Cf. Horace, *Carm.* I, iv, 5-7:

Iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Luna
Iunctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede . . .

45: *Queene-apples* may be *quinces;* but the name was applied also to an early variety of apple, whence *vnrype.*

49-51: Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 45-7:

Tale tuum carmen nobis diuine poëta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere riuo.

And Marot, *Complainct de Madame Loyse,* 17-20:

Berger Thenot, Ie suis esmerueillé
De tes chansons, & plus fort ie m'y baigne
Qu' à escouter le Linot esueillé
Ou l'eau qui bruit tombant de la montagne.

Spenser is never afraid to praise himself.

57-61: A reversal of Mantuan, x, 8-10, speaking to Bembo (and imitating, as Badius points out, Ovid, *Fasti* vi, 13-14):

Te quoque Pierios fama est potasse liquores

Et vidisse deas quibus est custodia sacri
Fontis.

62-64 : Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* iv, 55-59 :

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus : huic mater quamuis, atque pater adhuic adsit :
Orphei Calliopeia, Lino formosus Apollo.

65 : Cf. Persius, *Prologus*, quoted by Badius :

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino
Nec me in bicipite somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic poëta prodirem.

—an oft-repeated sentiment which reached down even to Burns.

68-69 : Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* iv, 58-9, by reversal :

Pan Deus Arcadia mecum si iudice certet
Pan, etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum :

remembering the tale of Midas, as E. K. points out.

102 : *Rosalinde* being unknown, so also is *Menalcas*. If Mr. Long's conjecture be accepted, that she was Elizabeth North, then *Menalcas* would be Thomas Stuteville of Brinkley, who married Elizabeth North in June, 1579.

118 : The phrase *ye blessed Flocks* may be a reversed echo of Virgil, *Ecl.* i, 75 :

Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.

Hobbinol is in the position of Virgil's *Tityrus*, Spenser of *Melibœus*, and so also their flocks.

Glosse.

2 : Cf. the note accompanying the map at the head of *Genesis* iii, in the Geneva Bible : " In this countrey and most plentifull land Adam dwelt, and this was called Paradise, that is, a garden of pleasure, because of the fruitfulnesse and abundance thereof." The reference to Diodorus Siculus is to xvii, 17, where there is a sentence describing the fruitfulness of Mesopotamia.

24 : This derivation is to be found in Lambarde's *Perambulation of Kent*, 1576, page 7 : " *Cancia* . . . which name (as I make coniecture) was framed out of *Cainc*, a word that (in the language of the *Britaines* . . .) signifyeth *bowghs*, or woods, and was imposed, by reason that this Countrie . . . was in manner wholy ouergrowne with *woode* . . ." E. K.'s memory betrays him badly in the substitution of the *Saxons tongue* for that of the *Britaines*.

42 : I do not know where E.K. got this fantastic derivation of *Elf* and *Goblin*.

62 : Musæus *de Herone et Leandro*, 63-65 :

πολλαὶ δ'ἐκ μελέων χάριτες ῥέον· οἱ δὲ παλαιοὶ
τρεῖς χάριτας ψεύσαντο πεφυκέναι· εἷς δέ τις Ἡροῦς
ὀφθαλμὸς γελόων ἑκατὸν χαρίτεσσι τεθήγει.

The quotation is all that remains of Spenser's *Pageants*, but see *the Faerie Queene*, II, iii, 25 :

Vpon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Vnder the shadow of her euen browes . . .

Amoretti, xl, 3-4 :

When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.

Hymne of Beautie, 253-4 :

Sometimes vpon her forhead they behold
A thousand Graces masking in delight.

72 : Virgil's verse is *Ecl.* ii, 51.

78 : E.K. is guessing. Spenser may have meant the French *tamburin*, rather like the familiar English tabor. The modern *tambourine* is a much later importation.

80 : The story is in Ovid, *Met.* xi, 153-179.

90 : The quotation from Cicero is *post Reditum in Senatu*, iv : " Princeps P. Lentulus, parens ac deus nostræ vitæ . . ."

97 : Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, v.

100 : E.K. mistakes the thing : *vnderfonge* means only *seize*, *take*, as at *November*, 22, and *The Faerie Queene*, V,ii,7.

JULYE.

This eclogue, though based on Mantuan's eighth, reiterates the ultra-Protestant argument of *May* and *September*. It is a fair example of Spenser's method of imitation : he takes what is useful to him, leaves much behind, " contaminates " with Mantuan's seventh eclogue, and departs from his originals as his own interest leads. It is all very lucid, even to the reference to Archbishop Grindal's suspension from his functions. Spenser was at no pains to be obscure.

The verse of eight and six, or *fourteener*, was a common verse of the time—too common, indeed, for it was worked to death by rhymesters of the *Gorgeous Gallery* type. Spenser abandoned it as he abandoned the romance-stanza of *March*, and for much the same reason. The accent is perforce too powerful to allow of variety or subtlety or rhythm : or, to put it otherwise, the lines of eight and six syllables are too short for Spenser's taste in

rhythm, and the fourteen-syllable line (if it be so taken) too long to permit of much variation without becoming disjointed and formless.

Of the interlocutors, *Thomalin* appears also in *March*: which helps us no whit towards an identification—if there was one. *Morrell* is probably John Elmer or Aylmer, 1521-94, the unpopular High Church Bishop of London.

5-8: Spenser deliberately omits the reason which Mantuan's *Candidus* gives for his invitation to the hills:

Horrida solstitio tellus sitit, Alphe, reuerso:
Ad solitos montes, ubi ros in gramine, et æstus
Mitior, hæc armenta monet deducere tempus.

9-10: He takes a hint from the reply of *Alpheus*:

Aerios montes, et summa cacumina longe
Prospicio; quid sint montes (tibi vera fatebor)
Nescio.

33-4: Mantuan, 8, 12-14:

O rude et illepidum ingenium. . . .
Irridere audes, et nauci pendere montes,
Vnde fluunt amnes, templis ubi tanta locandis.
Marmora cæduntur, fulgens ubi nascitur aurum?

39-52: Mantuan, 50-55:

Hinc diui, sanctique patres in montibus altis
Delegere domos tacitas: Carthusia testis
Carmelus, Garganus, Athos, Laureta, Lauerna,
Et Sina, et Soractis apex, umbrosaque vallis,
Et iuga Nursini fato senis inclyta, et altis
Abietibus turrita caput Camaldula sanctum.

Spenser omits the mountains which were famous as monastic sites (and as such were celebrated by the Carmelite Mantuan). *St. Michaels Mount* is suggested by *Garganus*, which Badius glosses: "diuo Michaeli mons insignis." Spenser, as usual, naturalises when he can: even more than he ought, perhaps, for I can find no trace of church, chapel, or cell in Kent dedicated to either St. Bridget, that might be called *St. Brigets Bowre*. Taking St. Michael's Mount as a high place on the west, and looking for a similar place in Kent, we arrive at Richborough, which Spenser would know and in which, as an antiquary, he would doubtless be interested. He may have that in mind; but the reference is very obscure.

57-60: Mantuan, 45:

Esse locum memorant, ubi surgit ab æquore Titan.

61-62: Mantuan, 43-4:

erectum caput usque ad nubila tollunt;

Nubila transcendunt aliqui; puto, sydera tangunt.

64-65: Mantuan, 46, gives sufficient hint for the introduction of Endymion:

Qui (nisi dedidici) contingit vertice Lunam.

He was no more troubled by mixture of religion and mythology than any of his contemporaries.

65-68: Mantuan, 47-49:

Et vixisse illic hominem, sed postea abactum
Improbitate gulæ, quod scilicet omnia poma
Manderet, et magno seruaret nulla Tonanti.

72: Mantuan, 53, quoted at line 39 above.

73: This is Mantuan's *Laureta*, the Holy House of Loretto, in spite of E.K.'s note. E.K. may have felt that a good Protestant should ignore so notorious an example of what he would call Popish superstition: Spenser may have intended the insinuation contained in its mention by the High Church prelate.

75: Mantuan, 56-57:

Cætera prætereo: nec enim sermonibus istis
Omnia complecti statuo.

79-84: Spenser developed this further in a poem he was writing at the time, the *Epithalamion Thamesis* mentioned in his first letter to Harvey. This exists in revised form, as *Faerie Queene*, IV, xi. Medway has several sources, but it would seem that *this hill of our* was Ashdown Forest. Whether Spenser had any connection with it I cannot tell: perhaps the Medway is the real point of his interest, and the source had to be cited because hills were in question.

85-88: Mantuan, 14-18:

medicamen ab herbis,
Dic, quibus est nisi montanis. De vertice Baldi
Sæpe melampodion legi: medicina capellis
Nulla magis præsens.

For *Terebinth* see E.K.'s note.

89-92: Mantuan, 42-43:

Adde quod in cœlum breuis est e montibus altis
Transitus.

93: Spenser now leaves Mantuan's eighth eclogue, having got what he wanted from it, the leading allegory and starting-point of his poem, borrows somewhat from his seventh, and proceeds to the application of the allegory. The argument is as usual: the proud prelates who sit in high places have depraved the primitive simplicity of the Church. Cf. *Maye*, 102-131.

126 : For *Algrind*, see *Maye*, 74. The choice of name is suggested by Grindal's sympathy with the moderate type of Puritanism ; the reference to a name, by Mantuan, vii, 10 : Magna canam, nobis quæ quondam tradidit Vmber.

125-149 : Mantuan, vii, 14-22 :

Ast ouium primus pastor, mitissima proles,
Instar ouis, quæ bile caret, quæ lacte redundat,
Mitis erat, nullis unquam pastoribus asper.
De grege sæpe suo sacrum ponebat ad aras,
Nunc oue, nunc pingui vitula faciebat, et agna
Sæpius, et magno diuos ambibat honore :
Sic profecit apud superos, sic numina flexit,
Vt fuerit primo mundi nascentis ab ortu
Tempus ad hoc, cœlo pecoris gratissima cura.

141-144 : Spenser substitutes this for Mantuan's description of the Patriarchs : vii, 23-26 : the idea of the early founders being Kings would not suit his argument at all :

Assyrios quosdam (sed nescio nomina : curæ
Diminuunt animum) Deus ex pastoribus olim
Constituit reges, qui postea murice et auro
Conspicui gentes bello domuere superbas.

145-152 : He now continues with Mantuan, vii, 28-29, but with a variant, which might be suggested by the gloss of Badius :

Cum Paris Iliaca tria numina vidit in Ida,
Aut Paris aut alius . . .

153 : Cf. 165-186, 203-4 ; *Maye*, 117-123 ; *September*, 42-46.

154-156 : Cf. 187-204 ; *September*, 80-81, 230-235.

157-160 : Mantuan, vii, 29-31 :

Quando cœlesti exterritus igne,
Venit ad ostentum pedibus per pasiua nudis,
Pastor erat Moses, Moses à flumine tractus.

161-168 : This has no counterpart in Mantuan, who goes on to speak of Phoebus keeping the flocks of Admetus. The allusion is not useful to Spenser, who has his own different purpose to serve.

169-204 : This is typical Puritan satire on the upper hierarchy. Cf. *Mother Hubberds Tale*, especially 460-474. The phrasing suggests reminiscences of *The Plowman's Tale*, stanzas 6-7 :

The Pellicane began to preach
Both of mercy and of mekenes
And saied that Christ so gan vs teach

And meke and merciable gan blesse
The Euangely beareth witnesse
A lambe he likeneth Christ ouer all
In tokening that he mekest was
Sith pride was out of heauen fall.

And so should euery Christened be
Priests Peters successours
Beth lowlich and of low degre
And vsen none earthly honours
Neither crowne, ne curious couetours
Ne pilloure, ne other proude pall
Ne nought to coffren vp great treasours
For falshed foule mote it befall.

Cf. also Skelton's diatribe against bishops, *Colyn Cloute*, e.g. 310 ff:

To ryde vpon a mule
With golde all betrapped,
In purple and paule belapped . . .

With line 178 cf. *Plowman's Tale*, stanza 11:

. . . glitterand gold of great aray . . .
Chaunge of clothing euery day
With golden girdles great and small
As boistous as is Bere at bay.

st. 12: With mony filled many a male
And chaffren churches when they fall . . .

st. 13: And ech man mote hem Lords call.

Also Part iii, stanza 1:

Moyses law forbode it tho
That preests should no lordshippes weld
Christs gospell biddeth also
That they should no lordshippes held
Ne Christs apostels were neuer so bold
No such lordshippes to hem embrace
But smeren her shepe and kepen her fold.

179: Cf. 195-6, 199-200, and *Maye*, 45-54: also Stubbs, *Anatomie*, II, ii.

181-186: The mention of Rome suggests many other poems on the subject: by Æneas Sylvius, Mantuan, Ariosto, du Bellay, Marot. Its corruptions were really a commonplace among Renaissance poets.

186-192: *Maye*, 75-94: *September*, 82-3, 136-7; and Cf. Marot, *Complainct d'un Pastoureau Chrestien*, 179-209:

Ay ie pas veu les manieres peruerses

De ces pasteurs, et traffiques diuerses ? . . .
En lieu d'appaist et bonne nourriture
Ilz vont donnant esuentée pasture
A leurs troupeaux ; et dont croist mon chagrin,
Leur vont donnant la paille pour le grain,
Dont le troupeau, de soy gras et alaigre,
Par tel appaist deuient chetif et maigre.

Also *The Plowmans Prologue*, 43 :

They have the corne and we the dust.

195-200 : Cf. *Maye*, 45-54, and note thereon.

209-212 : Cf. *Maye*, 55-72.

213-228 : *Algrind* is Edmund Grindal (1519?-1583), Archbishop of Canterbury, another old Pembroke man ; the *hill* is the Archbishopric ; the *Eagle*, the Queen. Elizabeth wished to use Grindal's authority to suppress certain meetings held for theological discussion, called " prophesyings," on the ground that their results tended toward Puritanism. Grindal refused to denounce them, and was punished by sequestration from his functions in 1577. He was not restored until 1582, whence the present tense of the verb *lies*. Harrison approved of the prophesyings, and regretted their suppression. The tale is adapted from that of the death of Æschylus as told by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* X, iii, 7, Valerius Maximus, IX, xii, and often elsewhere.

Glosse.

9 : This does not come from Seneca : it may be a memory-quotation from Horace, *Carm.* II, x, 10 :

celsæ grauiore casu
Decidunt turres.

For E.K. quotes the words next following at line 83 below.

27 : Holinshed, VII, iii : " The common people were so oppressed by the Danes, that for feare and dread they called them . . . Lord Dane. And if an Englishman and a Dane chanced to meet at anie bridge or streight passage, the Englishman must staie till the Lord Dane were passed. But in processe of time, after the Danes were voided the land, this word Lord Dane was in derision and despight of the Danes turned by Englishmen into a name of reproach, as Lordane." Lambard (*Kent*, pp. 111-112) gives the same derivation : it came from Hector Boece, *Hist. Scot.*, XI, xiv.

48 : The point is noted in Boccaccio's *de Montibus*. The reference in Diodorus Siculus is XVII, vii, 6.

64 : E.K. is plainly wrong : see our note on the passage.

75 : Theocritus, *Epigr.* i, 6 : the correct reading is :

τερμίνθου τρώγων ἔοχατον ἀκρεμονα.

"[The white he-goat] eating the ends of the terebinth twigs." E.K. mixes up τρώγων and τράγος of the line above. His knowledge of Greek is somewhat suspect.

82 : See note on line 9 above.

98 : This and the following note almost reproduce the note of Badius on the place in Mantuan.

112 : The story comes from Ovid, *Met.* 1, 568-747, the explanation from lines 648-650 :

nomenque suum, casusque loquatur
Littera pro verbis, quam pes in puluere ducit,
Corporis indicium mutati triste peregit.

116 : Cf. the note of Badius on the place in Mantuan : id scommate non caret, aut rustica simplicitate : vero animæ spatio ferantur in cœlum.

126 : This northern form was not used by Chaucer, but, as we have seen, it occurs in *The Plowmans Tale*, stanzas 12 and 14.

130 : This might be the *Palinode* of *Maye*, but not necessarily. Higginson sees in the name a reference to Dr. Perne of Peterhouse, whose tergiversations were notorious. A *Palinode* is a *recantation*. Neither Harvey nor Spenser had cause to love Perne, to judge by references in Harvey's Letter-Book. The identification is possible.

AUGUST.

Spenser could scarcely have omitted from a book of pastorals the traditional singing-match of Theocritus and Virgil. As treated here, it is almost—though unintentionally—an allegory of the new poetry : the simple swains sing merrily enough, but a grave, elaborate, Italianate song of *Colin's* hushes them in admiration, their simple impromptu is overshadowed. There is perhaps a touch of condescension in it, but the rustic pipe is not unduly despised. *Willy* and *Perigot* have nothing of import to say, but their roundelay runs fast and happily. Spenser probably realised soon after, if not at the time, that his own lamentable lay was more clever than effective, and a better example of rhetoric than of inspiration. But "literary exercise," so frowned upon by our soulful incompetents, was forced on the new poets. Rhetoric, and practice in difficult forms, was necessary practice for

the attainment of ease, fluency, and style, virtues conspicuously lacking in earlier Elizabethan verse. And youthful cleverness may be allowed its fireworks, and no harm done.

The dialogue part shows a neat handling of the six-line stanza already used in *January*. The stanza is divided by four and two between two speakers: first one speaks the quatrain and the other answers in the couplet; then each has full stanzas, then couplets, and the last stanza is left unfinished to lead easily into the *roundelay*. The division by four and two recurs in the later dialogues. By this natural breaking-up of the stanza Spenser kept it from growing too insistent on the ear. He achieved the same result in later work, by careful arrangement of rhymes in *Daphnaïda*, and, with subtler art, by setting-off grammatical against metrical division, notably in *Colin Clouts come home Againe* and *The Faerie Queene*.

The *roundelay* is a deliberately rough chanting verse to suit the shepherd's impromptu rhyming. The norm is a verse of eight syllables followed by replies of five and seven alternately, which might make a stanza of 8, 5, 8, 7, cross-rhymed. There is an attempt at "folk-song style" here, verse and reply as in quasi-impromptu singing from *carole* to sea-shanty. The *undersong* of *Willy* is partly in the Amœban tradition of Virgil's third Eclogue, in that *Willy* scoffs at *Perigot* or adds something to his verse, but the principle of "going one better" is not observed: Spenser saves the thing from being too incongruous a copy of a learned original by the five-syllable lines, which are not replies, but refrains. Thus a native tradition is interwoven with the learned imitation.

The sestina is a modification of the Petrarchan sestina, as the matter is of Petrarchan matter. Petrarch's arrangement of the repeated end-words is much more elaborate: the difference will be clearer in a table:

Petrarch:	Spenser:
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
6, 1, 5, 2, 4, 3.	6, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
3, 6, 4, 1, 2, 5.	5, 6, 1, 2, 3, 4.
5, 3, 2, 6, 1, 4.	4, 5, 6, 1, 2, 3.
4, 5, 1, 3, 6, 2.	3, 4, 5, 6, 1, 2.
2, 4, 6, 5, 3, 1.	2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1.

In the coda of three lines Spenser repeats his end-words in their original order, as Petrarch does in five of his nine *sestine*, one in the middle of the line, the next at the end. See the example from Petrarch quoted below.

It is noticeable that E. K. has no remarks on the sestina. It was, then, probably, an afterthought. If Spenser decided at the last minute to add it to his book, this was as useful a place as he could find; and he may have thought the singing-match rather light, by itself, in proportion to the rest, both in form and in matter.

Willie may be the same as in *March*. He may be a poet friend, or nobody in particular. *Perigot* appears only here. *Cuddie* may be the same as in *February* and *October*. But as in these "recreative" eclogues there is little clue to the persons, so also their identification is unimportant.

2-4: The rhyme *matche—ache* is quite possible, given the old pronunciation of *ache*.

11: The phrase was almost proverbial: cf. Marot, *Elegie* i, 128:

Lors conuiendra danser d'vn autre bransle.

24: *Dared* was the term used in catching larks: frightened into clapping close to ground, so that they might be netted.

25-26, 29-30: According to the rules of the game the shepherds must stake something on their skill. Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 35-38:

pocula ponam
Fagina . . .
Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,
Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos.

33-39: *Ibid.*, 28-30: ego hanc vitulam
Depono.

41: *Purchast* means *won*, not *bought*.

43: Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 48:

Nunquam hodie effugies: veniam quocumque vocaris.

44-46: *Ibid.*, 49:

Audiat hæc tantum vel qui venit: ecce Palæmon.

66: I take it that *greete* is the verb to *weep*. Thus, *gray means weeping*—for Perigot especially.

79: *Roud* is a technical term of archery: shooting *at rovers* was what a modern rifleman would call *snapshooting at unknown ranges*. It is thus the more expressive in this context.

104: Cf. a famous line of Ovid, *Heroides*, v. 149:

Me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis!

151-189: This, like *January*, is in the Petrarchan mode of such sonnets as ccxxvi, *Passer mai solitario;* and, like all such work, may be traced in many authors. Spenser's nearest model may have been the sestina ccxxxvii, *Non ha*

tanti animali, of which I quote the most relevant part, lines 7-30 :

Di dí in dí spero omai l'ultima sera,
Che scevri in me dal vivo terren l'onde
E mi lasci dormire in qualche piaggia :
Ché tanti affanni uom mai sotto la luna
Non sofferse quant'io : sannolsi i boschi,
Che sol vo ricercando giorno e notte.
I' non ebbi già mai tranquilla notte,
Ma sospirando andai mattina e sera,
Poi ch'Amor femmi un cittadin de' boschi.
Ben fia, prima ch'i' posi, il mar senz'onde,
E la sua luce avrà 'l sol da la luna,
E i fior d'april morranno in ogni piaggia.
Consumando mi vo di piaggia in piaggia
El dí pensoso ; poi piango la notte ;
Né stato ho mai se non quanto la luna.
Ratto, come imbrunir veggio la sera,
Sospir del petto e de li occhi escono onde
Da bagnar l'erbe e da crollare i boschi.
Le città son nemiche, amici i boschi
A' miei pensier, che per quest'alta piaggia
Sfogando vo co'l mormorar de l'onde
Per lo dolce silenzio de la notte :
Tal ch'io aspetto tutto 'l dí la sera,
Che 'l sol si parta e dia luogo a la luna.

183-186 : The reference may be direct to the myth of Philomela as told by Ovid, *Met.*, VI, but Spenser may also have had in mind such lines as Petrarch's sonnet cccxi :

Quel rosigniuol che sí soave piagne . . .

and Virgil, *Georg.* iv, 511-515 :

Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub vmbra . . .

The " emblem " *vincenti gloria victi* is quoted by Harvey, *Marginalia*, 192.

GLOSSE.

6 : Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 3.
8 : Theocritus, v, 22-30 ; Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 29 ff.
10 : Theocritus, i, 31 ff. and so on.
33 : Virgil, *Ecl.* iii, 109.

SEPTEMBER.

Spenser spaces out his ecclesiastical-political eclogues, separating them by the " recreative " eclogues *June* and

August. This was wise, since they deal with very much the same matter. In this one there seems to be a change of direction. Down to line 79 it is a fairly close imitation of Mantuan; the next section bears out E. K.'s statement that it is directed at "Popish prelates," Mantuan's complaint against Rome shading into the English complaint of the growing Papal activity against this country. Then at line 112 the attack changes into defence—of whom? Of the English clergy of the centre party, apparently, for the quotation from Harrison in our note on the passage is exactly parallel, and Harrison was not a Puritan, though he believed in the "prophesyings" which caused the sequestration of Grindal (see *Julye*). Then *Diggon Davie* returns to the Roman question, mentions the missionary Jesuits whose campaign was then beginning, and relates, in allegorical form, some affair that had happened in Rochester. Now Harrison was vicar of Radwinter, about five miles from Saffron Walden, and was acquainted with Gabriel Harvey (*Marginalia*, p. 114, and *Letter-Book*, p. 166, which is clearly to his address); he was also chaplain to Lord Cobham, a few miles from Rochester, so that he was in a position to bring Rochester gossip to *Hobbinol* in Cambridge or Walden. The first section will scarcely fit one who says himself that except it were from Radwinter to Cobham, London, and Oxford he never travelled forty miles at one journey in all his life: but this first section may be pure "literature"; there may be a strong side-reference to London; we do not know all the good man's temptations: and *Diggon Davie* might as well be Harrison as well as any other that has been suggested. I do not press the identification, but the parallel emphasises the central position of *Diggon Davie* in the clerical quarrel, and I cannot agree that he is intended to represent a convinced Puritan like Richard Greenham, for whose identification with *Diggon Davie* Dr. Higginson argues.

The identification itself is not of so much importance. We are not certain, even, that Spenser worked so close to actuality and did not, as any imaginative writer might be expected to do, take only hints from personalities, and make a dramatic figure to suit his imaginative creation. He leaves us in no dubiety with public figures like *Morrell* and *Algrind*, but need he treat private persons in the same way? What is important here is, that Spenser presents, and sympathetically, a cleric, strongly Protestant,

and an apologist for the rank and file of the English clergy. This does not necessarily modify what Spenser says elsewhere: it does make us suspect that he was more detached than *Maye* and *Julye* suggest; and that he was less involved in Puritan ideas than some people imagine.

1-24: Mantuan, ix, 1:

> Candide, quo casu patriis procul actus ab oris
> Hæc in rura venis?

Spenser reverses the dramatic situation of Mantuan, whose *Faustulus*, a dweller in Rome, warns an incomer, *Candidus*, of the hopelessness of his quest for advancement there and the dangers of the place. That situation was not possible to Spenser, who cleverly devises the corresponding one of the return of the disappointed traveller.

17: Cf. *Daphnaïda*, 67. The tag *solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris* is common.

30-31: Mantuan, ix, 5-11:

> Faustule, me noster Corydon . . .
> me credere adegit
> Esse salutares istis in montibus herbas
> At postquam segnes agros et inertia saxa
> Vidimus, et siccis arentem fontibus vndam,
> Pœnitet longæque viæ, patriæque relictæ.

42-46: Cf. *Maye*, 117-123; *Julye*, 165-178, 181-6, 203-4.

46: *Cranck* means *pert*, *saucy*, or *self-confident*.

56-61: This almost repeats the sentiment of 30-31 above.

62-67: Mantuan, 46-7 and 54-58:

> Hic aries, qui fronte lupos cornuque petebat,
> Nunc oue debilior, pauidoque fugacior agno est.
>
> Heu pecus infelix, quod lacte et prole solebas
> Affluere, in nostris licuit dum pascere campis!
> Gramina dum quæris, succi plus perdis eundo
> Quam referes pastu. Simul uis tabescimus ambo:
> Tu tenui victu, curis ego victus amaris.

68-73: Mantuan, 78-80 and 181-186:

> Vivere dum felix peteras, dicique beatus:
> Sed bona, quod nondum fueras expertus acerbam:
> Vilis erat tibi, teque ideo fortuna reliquit.
>
> Te tua credulitas et me mea fallit in horas . . .
> Facit experientia cautos.
> Hi prius explorant, et non laudata sequuntur
> Omnia.

76-77: Cf. Mantuan, vi, 8-9:

Omne bonum præsens minus est, sperata videntur
Magna, velut maius distantia lumen.

80-81 : Cf. 230-235 ; *Maye*, 39-44 ; *Julye*, 154-6, 187-204.

82-83 : Cf. 136-7 ; *Maye*, 75-94 ; *Julye*, 187-194, 197-8.

80-101 : This is all rather vague and mixed, but we may believe E. K. when he says that Rome is the target. It is, of course, possible to read it as satire on the High Church party, in which case the complaint of their turbulence is but a returning of their usual charge against the Puritans, and *holy water* is to be understood as their appeals for peace in the name of Christ. What then does line 94 mean ? Perhaps *they boast that they have wealth and power and the pride of life*. That may be so : I find it simpler to read the passage as referring to the aggressiveness of Rome and to the priestly claims to spiritual powers. But it is obscure.

104-134 : Spenser now returns to his more usual English interests. There had been a clear break with Rome, and, as lines 100-101 say, Spenser was not concerned with its corruptions so long as England was kept safe and at peace. Lines 110-111 are difficult. Does *cote* mean *coat, profession*, or *sheep-cote, employment*. In the latter case it might be a reflection of Puritan arguments that the clergy should not exercise any civil authority and that they should stay in their parishes. In the former, the charge is vague and I can find little external evidence to support it. Hereafter *Diggon's* tone is not that of a Puritan. He curses those who bring against the clergy the charges which *Piers* recites in *Maye* (75-102), and blames the avarice of patrons for the state of the Church—the usual University gossip. Harrison deals with the same points in reverse order (New Shakespeare Society edition, pp. 33-34) : " It is thought much peraduenture, that some bishops etc. in our time doo come short of the ancient gluttonie and prodigalitie of their predecessors : but to such as doo consider of the curtailing of their liuings . . . and how their course is limited by law, and estate looked into on euery side, the cause of their so dooing is well inough perceiued. This also offendeth manie, that they should, after their deaths, leave their substances to their wiues and children. Not a few also find fault with out thred-bare gowns, as if not our patrones but our wiues were causes of our wo." And so on.

Compare *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 515-540, and our notes thereon.

121 : From Horace, *Ep.* I, i, 76 : Belua multorum es capitum.

123 : For the phrase, Cf. *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 77-78 :

Whilest others alwayes haue before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away haue swept.

124 : Psalm xxii, 12 : " Many young bulles haue compassed mee : mighty bulles of Bashan haue closed me about."

146-225 : Cf. *Maye*, 126-129.

148 ff. : The reference is to the incoming of the Roman missioners and probably also to some unreliable older clerics whose adhesion to the Protestant Church was not above suspicion.

170-171 : *Roffynn* is *the Southern shepheard*, John Young, *Episcopus Roffensis*.

181 : Grosart identified *Lowder* with Hugh Lloyd, Chancellor of the diocese of Rochester, but I can find little to the purpose except the name. The functions of *Lowder* would better suit an Archdeacon.

228-235 : A quotation from Cartwright may not be amiss, to show the background both of ideas and phrases in which this book was written ; *Replie to the Answer*, 49 : " And therefore we must walke in those wayes that God hath appoynted, to bring them to saluation, which is to feed them continually, and watche ouer them so long as they are in daunger of hunger, in daunger of wolues, in daunger of the enimies, within and without, which is so long as the Churche is heere vpon the earth. Vpon all which things I conclude, that the residence of the Pastor is necessary, and to doubt whether the Pastor ought to be resident amongest his flocke, is to doubt whether the watchman should be in his towre . . . or the shephard amongest hys flocke, especially where the sheepe are continually in daunger of wolues, as in the land of Iurie, from whence this similitude or maner of speech was taken, where they watched their flockes night and day. . . ."

236-241 : Cartwright, *loc. cit.*, " If any will herevpon conclude, that they haue no space giuen them to slepe, to eate, to drinke etc., they are cauils, which I will not vouchsafe to answere." And Mantuan, ix, 38-9 :

Omne opus, atque labor vult interualla.

Cf. *Maye*, 149-157, and *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 446-459.

240-241 : Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, III, vii, 3 :

But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.

244-245 : Mantuan, 168 :

Quid faciem ? quo me vertam ?

246-247 : Mantuan, 32, though in a different context :

Res est consiliis secura fidelibus . . .

250-257 : Mantuan, 13-17 :

Antiqui potes hæc mea tecta subire
Iure sodalitii ; sunt his mihi pauperis agri
Iugera pauca, meæ vix sufficientia vitæ.
Quicquid id est, commune puta. Tibi forsitan vlla
Prospera sors aderit.

and Virgil, *Ecl.* i, 80-81 :

Heic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem
Fronde super viridi.

GLOSSE.

22 : *Stanck* is a formation of Spenser's own, from Italian *stanco*, weary.

27 : Horace, *Carm.* I, xiv, 15-16 :

Tu nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium caue.

31 : See the note on the passage, above.

40 : *Crumenall* is another of Spenser's coinages, from Latin *crumena*.

48 : E. K. probably intended to supply the dates in proof, but overlooked them. They are, 944-975. The story is from Holinshed, VI, xxiii.

55 : The explanation of the proverb is unhistorical. It is one of those emphasis-phrases whose value lies in their alliteration.

65 : E. K. may be remembering the pseudo-Chaucerian *La Belle Dame sans Mercy*, 174-6 :

In her failed nothing, that I coud gesse
One wise nor other, priuie noe perte
A garison she was, of all goodlinesse.

66 : Marot's *Raffy* is mentioned, not in the *Eclogue au Roy* but in the *Complainct de Madame Loyse de Savoye*, line 42.

75 : Harvey's *Smithus, vel Musarum Lachrymæ*, 1578, was a Latin elegy on Sir Thomas Smith of Audley End, Saffron Walden (see E. K. on *January*, 10) ; *Gratulationem Valdinensium* was a series of addresses to courtiers present on the progress mentioned, 1578. In Harvey's Letter-book are several letters to Arthur Capell of Hadham. Of

the other poems, *Rameidos* was presumably in praise of *Petrus Ramus* (Pierre de la Ramée, 1515-1572), the logician whom he took as his master: it is lost, like the rest, unless the satirical verses *Speculum Tuscanismi* in the third of *Three . . . Letters* (and also in the Letter-book) were part of *Anticosmopolita*. These were Harvey's brightest days. His Ramist criticism of Aristotle brought him trouble in the University, his *Speculum* at Court, his personality everywhere.

96: Ovid's verse is *Heroides*, iv, 89.

100: Ovid, *Met.*, iii, 466. Spenser used the phrase again, in *Amoretti*, xxxv, 8, and *The Faerie Queene*, I, iv, 29.

OCTOBER.

In spite of the recurrence of the despondent mood, this is rather a declaration of faith in the poetic vocation, and of the ambitions of the New Poetry. Mantuan again supplies the basis, but Mantuan's *Candidus* merely complains of the avarice of the times—and of his interlocutor *Silvanus*—and is quite incapable of the nobler thought of our poet: as the argument prefixed by Murmelius to Mantuan's poem says: Argumentum huius eclogæ est detestatio tenacitatis diuitum in poëtas, quorum ingratitudine et auaritiâ aurea vena in poëtis extinguitur. Per *Candidum* autem mihi verisimile sit, poëtam posse intelligi; per *Syluanum*, quemuis diuitem auarum. Spenser has his own theme, and "invents" his own poem: he is not inspired by Mantuan's eclogue, but uses it for his own purpose. That purpose, we are tempted to think, is a personal manifesto, a declaration of his own aims: nor would we have been surprised had the interlocutors been *Colin* and *Hobbinol*. But *Cuddie* is evidently not Spenser, since Harvey, referring to this eclogue in the third of *Three . . . Letters*, speaks of *Colin Cloute* and "his olde Companions, *Master Cuddy*, and *Master Hobbinol*," and E.K., in his sidelong manner, makes us almost certain. That Spenser was heart and soul of the same mind as *Piers*, though in the same worldly position as *Cuddie*, is certain. Sympathy thus involved on both sides gives power to the dramatic imagination.

The six-line stanza is built economically of two rhymes, ingeniously arranged *a b b a b a*. Spenser does not allow it to break into any regular section, but places his strong pauses at the end of any line of the stanza, though few

within any line. The treatment of the stanza resembles that of his maturity more than we find in any other eclogue.

The *Argument* is an epitome of the Renaissance view of poetry, and should be read with care. The phrasing suggests reminiscence of Cicero's oration, to which E.K. refers more than once, *pro Archia*, viii: "Atqui sic a summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, cæterarum rerum studia, et doctrina, et præceptis, et arte constare; poëtam natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi diuino quodam spiritu inflari." Cicero uses the term ἐνθουσιασμὸς in his letter *ad Quintum fratrem*, III, iv. Unfortunately E.K. did not publish *The English Poet*.

1-6: Mantuan, v. 1-5:

> Candide, nobiscum pecudes quando solebas
> Pascere, et his gelidis calamos inflare sub vmbris,
> Et miscere sales simul et certare palæstra
> Nunc autem, quasi pastores et rura perosus,
> Pascua sopito fugas, et trahis otia, cantu.

5: *Bydding base* we now call *prisoner's base*. See Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 78. It is appropriate here, as it was evidently a country game: cf. *Cymbeline*, V, iii, 19-20 —*to bid the country base*.

7-12: This imitates by reversal: Spenser returns an *ant* for the *grasshopper* of Mantuan and Æsop: Mantuan, 21-2, 28-9, 31, 35-37:

> Cum cecini, sitio: sitienti pocula nemo
> Porrigit, irrident alii . . .
>
> Pœnitet ingenii, si quid mihi, pœnitet artis,
> Pœnitet et vitæ, postquam mihi nulla secundant . . .
>
> Hactenus, ut nosti, gratis cantauimus . . .
>
> Mox erit utendum partis, modo quærere tempus.
> En! formica breuis sed prouida bestia condit
> In brumam noua farra cauis æstate latebris . . .

13-18: Spenser improves on the next passage in Mantuan: e.g. 55-57:

> Sic quoque tu nostris absens gaudere Camœnis
> Sat potest: hæc artis sat sint tibi gaudia nostræ:
> Carmina sunt auris conuiuia, caseus oris.

19-30: The improvement is even greater here. *Sylvanus* argues that the Gods have given *Candidus* poetic power, and to himself riches: let each be content with his own. Against which *Candidus* argues, 49-51:

Si gaudere meis igitur concentibus optas,
Nos gaudere tuis opibus, Syluane, decorum est.
Si cupis audita, fac nos gaudere palato.

The honour, and the power over men's minds, do not occur to *Candidus*, who is entirely concerned with his belly.

31-32 : This couplet shows that Spenser had his Mantuan by him as he wrote, since it comes from Juvenal, vii, 30-32, which Badius quotes in his gloss on line 5 of Mantuan's eclogue :

Spes nulla ulterior ; didicit nam diues auarus,
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
Ut pueri Iunonis auem.

id est, pauonem admirantur et laudant : qui laudato nihil porrigunt.

33-36 : Mantuan, 126-7 :

Syl. Dic pugnas, dic gesta virum, dic prælia regum ;
Vertere ad hos qui sceptra tenent, qui regna gubernant.

Spenser gently omits the next line, though the idea is understood :

Inuenies qui te de sordibus eruat istis.

Candidus is offended at the suggestion, but not so *Cuddy*.

47-48 : The Bear and Ragged Staff was the Dudley crest : this hint at Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his ancestry as a poetic theme may refer to Spenser's own lost *Stemmata Dudleiana*, mentioned in the Postscript of the first of *Three . . . Letters*.

49-54 : There is nothing of this in Mantuan : the love-song comes more naturally to Spenser than to the Carmelite.

55-60 : Mantuan, 86-89 :

Tityrus (ut fama est) sub Mecenate vetusto
Rura, boues, et agros, et Martia bella canebat.
Altius, et magno pulsabat sydera cantu :
Eloquium fortuna dabat.

It is worth noticing how Spenser returns to an earlier passage of his original. His imitation is intelligent, not slavish.

57 : *Laboured* is the participle : *laboured lands*, in Northern usage, are *tilled lands*.

61-72 : Mantuan, 121, 153-159 :

Occidit Augustus, numquam rediturus ab Orco . . .

At qui dura manu gesserunt bella potenti,
Fortiter utentes ferro, non mollitur auro,

Dilexere graues Musas, Heroica facta
Qui faciunt reges, heroica carmina laudant.
At cessere viri fortes, et mascula virtus,
Dicendum altiloqui nihil inuenere poëtæ,
Occidit ingenium vatum, ruit alta poësis.

Cf. *The Teares of the Muses*, 91-108.

73-76: Mantuan, 148-152:

Ipsi ad delicias reges, et ad otia versi,
Quod celebrant, laudari optant: hinc carmina manant
Perdita de studio Veneris, de scurrilitate,
De ganea, de segnitie, de infamibus actis:
Quæ castum, capitale nefas, celebrare poëtam.

Mantuan continues in this vein till the end, when Sylvanus promises money; but here Spenser departs from his original and continues his own thought.

88-90: This irrelevant praise of *Colin* seems intended to introduce the next stanza. It again separates *Cuddy* from Spenser, somewhat significantly.

91-96: Cf. *Hymne of Love*, 176-189, and the *Fowre Hymnes* generally; also *Colin Clouts come home Againe*, 795-951. The idea of the ennobling power of love is constant in Spenser: so that here *Piers*, rather than *Cuddie*, represents his usual thought, though not the mood he assumes as proper to himself throughout the *Calendar*.

93: I take *immortal mirrhor* to mean *mirror of immortality*: the beloved, who is beautiful by reflecting some ray of the immortal and heavenly beauty. See *Hymne of Beauty*, 99-105, 162-168. It is tempting to read *mortal mirrhor*, for the sake of the metre, and because it would heighten the contrast in the next line—the admiration of the *mortal* mirror would lead one to look beyond it to the *immortal* beauty it reflects. But the change is unnecessary if we accept the explanation above; and Spenser was not a very orthodox Platonist in any case.

119-120: The postponement of the gift is slightly reminiscent of Mantuan, v:

. . . iuro
Me tibi (si venti veniant ad vela secundi)
Laturum auxilium.

But the pastoral decorum is better kept by Spenser.

GLOSSE.

1: There is no discernible influence of Theocritus in this eclogue, except that he begins the tradition, and as the

notes show, Spenser imitates Mantuan closely. But Theocritus sounds so much better.

11 : *Cancion* is a by-form of French *chanson* and Italian *canzone*, from *cantionem*.

20 : This is not to be found in Plato. It is probably a confused memory of Cambridge lessons, loosely attached to mentions of the πανήγυρις in the *Politics*, iv ; *Laws*, xii, and so on. It may be from some commentator I have not seen.

45 : *Compassion* is to be construed literally, as *accord* or *harmony*.

46 : In the second oration on Alexander in the *Moralia*, Plutarch describes how Alexander was excited into a war-like mood by the playing, in the *Harmatian* mode, of Antigenidas. Suidas (s.v. *Timotheus*) puts Timotheus in place of Antigenidas, as does Dio Chrysostom at the opening of *De Regno*. Nothing is said about calming the king again, which may be a contamination from Boethius, *de Musica*, I, i, who relates how Pythagoras soothed an angry youth by playing in the *Phrygian* mode, and mentions Timotheus in the same chapter but in another connexion. The story as E.K. tells it may be found somewhere, but I have not found it so early. Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* contaminates with yet another anecdote from Plutarch.

57 : What the *Aradian Melodie* is, I do not know. The third and following editions read *Arabian*, and Collier conjectured *Arcadian* : neither of which helps. Mr. B. H. Newdigate suggests to me that *Aradian* may be an error for *Æolian*, which is not at all unlikely, though it does not clear up the matter entirely. E.K. was evidently thinking of Plato's discussion of music in the *Republic*, III, 398-9, and his rejection of the Ionian and Lydian modes as effeminate, and remembering vaguely that Aristotle has a little to say on music in the *Laws*, vii. What is meant by *altogether vpon the fyft and vij, tone* I do not know : but having gone over some of the literature on the subject I forgive E.K. his confusion.

66 : The story of Argus is in Ovid, *Met.* i, 623-722.

88 : Cf. Badius on Mantuan, vii, 29 : "*Paris aut alius* : quia de nomine, ut rusticus dubitat."

101 : By *Bucolics* E.K. means *Georgics*.

115 : *Tullies oration* is that *pro Archia*, x, 24.

116 : Petrarch's sonnet is clxxxvii in Carducci's edition ; E.K. quotes the opening.

122 : The anecdote of Scipio is in Cicero, *pro Archia*, ix, 22.

125 ff: The stories of Alexander and Darius come together in Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, vii, 29, 109 and 108.

156: The *sonett* is lost. Was it perchance part of *The Dying Pelican* mentioned by Spenser in his first letter to Harvey?

162: E.K. quotes Petrarch, lx, *L'arbor gentil.*

170: The saying is not Mantuan's, though the idea appears twice in the fifth eclogue, at lines 18-19, and 70:

laudabile carmen
Omnem operam, totumque caput, requirit.

Vult hilares animos tranquillaque pectora carmen.

I have not found E.K.'s line, which seems to be another imitation of Ovid, *Heroides*, xv, 14:

Vacuæ carmina mentis opus.

The notion is common enough; cf. *Tristia*, I, i, and Cicero *ad Quintum fratrem*, III, iv, speaking of verses, "animum vacuum ab omni cura desiderat."

172: Horace, *Ep.*, I, v, 19.

177: Cf. Badius on Mantuan iii: "*Dignus eras hederis*: quibus coronantur poëtæ, eo quod sunt in tutela Liberi patris, qui eis coronatus ex India rediit." Badius quotes Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and (most appropriate here) Virgil, *Ecl.* viii, 12-13 and vii, 25:

hac sine tempore circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

Pastores, hedera crescentem ornate poëtam.

184-6: The Virgilian reference is *Ecl.* viii, 10; the Horatian, *Ars Poetica*, 280.

187: Spenser probably meant *finely attired.* The identification of Bellona with Pallas is in Boccaccio, *de Gen. Deor.*, V, iii.

199: E.K.'s treacherous memory was probably recalling *Amores*, III, vii, 27-30, but misquoting Virgil, *Æneid*, iv, 487:

Hæc se carminibus promittit soluere mentis
Quas velit.

205: *Epiphonematicos*, another term of rhetoric, means *by way of summing up*, in a last sententious word.

NOVEMBER.

In these last two eclogues Spenser imitates two eclogues of Clément Marot, who had supplied, hitherto, only names

and, perhaps, odd phrases. This one is an eclectic version of his *Complainct de Madame Loyse de Savoye*. The debt is acknowledged in the " Embleme," for *Colin* is Marot's name for himself, and *La Mort n'y Mord* was his motto, with which he signs some of his prefaces : the meaning would be clear to anyone who had ever seen a copy of any of Marot's works. Who the dead lady was, who is here lamented, is not clear. *Lobbin* is quite possibly Leicester, as Malone suggested—the reference to *Lobbin* in *Colin Clouts come home Againe*, lines 735-6 makes it likelier, though we cannot be sure that the names mean the same in the two poems—and as Dr. Moore Smith argues (*Modern Language Review*, 1907), *Dido* may be Ambrosia Sidney, Philip Sidney's sister, who died in 1575. The other theory, mooted by Malone and revived by Dr. Higginson, makes *Dido* an unknown and unrecorded illegitimate daughter of Leicester by Lady Sheffield ; but as Leicester had repudiated Lady Sheffield and married Lady Knollys the year before, an elegy on that subject seems a trifle tactless. E.K. says Spenser would not tell him who the lady was : perhaps he was telling the truth—though commentators always assume he was lying when his statements do not suit their preconceptions : we may be excused ignorance on a point which Spenser was careful to conceal.

The verse is related to the *April* experiments. The quatrains (only partially linked in *April*) break only at the end of *Thenot's* first speech, and thereafter are linked continuously through eleven stanzas, of which the eleventh returns to the rhymes of the tenth. Spenser proved to himself that he could do it, and probably decided not to do it again. In the long and complicated lyrical stanza, the principles so successful in *April* used more elaborately. Perhaps the verse is over-elaborate for a poem of such length ; the variations may be deliberate, and prompted by a sense of this defect, or may be due to the difficulty of the stanza, for Spenser was still learning his craft. The syllabic norm is 12, 10, 10, 10, 10, 8, 8, 4, 10, 4 ; but the 8's are replaced in the third and twelfth stanzas by lines of 9 and 10 syllables, and in the eighth by lines of 6. The slight variation in the first stanza—8 and 7 instead of 8 and 8—is only rhythmical, the long and emphatic monosyllable *Dead* standing effectively for a disyllable. The 12-syllable line tends to break into two sixes, but Spenser was aware of the danger (and the

resultant jog-trotting effect), and varies the placing of the cæsura in seven out of the fifteen stanzas. The seventh stanza is interesting, since the rhythm seems to become anapæstic, to the detriment of both sense and verse, especially in the third and fifth lines. But in the first line, full force should be given to *how*; in the third, we should read *chapelets*, a trisyllable, as in *August*, 70 (though not in 69), *The Faerie Queene*, IV, xi, 46, and *Astrophel*, 42, so that the line becomes a ten-syllable line with the cæsura after the sixth syllable. In the fifth line, *deemed* is a disyllable (otherwise it would be *deemd*), and the comparative rapidity of the line contrasts effectively with the slow short line following. The choice of the six-line stanza to close the poem, instead of returning to the dialogue-quatrain of the opening, shows Spenser's sense of the value of the final couplet.

1-6 : These lines have no counterpart in Marot.

7-8 : Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 10-11 :

> Incipe Mopse prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
> Aut Alconis habes laudes.

Spenser would certainly recognise that Marot was imitating the opening of that eclogue.

9-20 : Of the three poets, Spenser displays the greatest dramatic imagination, since in Virgil's and Marot's poems the theme is merely announced. Spenser leads up to it more carefully.

21-23 : Marot, 17-18, 27 :

> Berger Thenot, ie suis esmerueillé
> De tes chansons . . .
> . . . chante vn peu de Catin.

24-25 : Marot, 29-30 :

> Le Rossignol de chanter est le maistre,
> Taire conuient deuant luy les Piuers . . .

26-32 : Spenser developes finely Marot's simple application of this :

> Aussi estant, là où tu pourrois estre,
> Taire feray mes Chalumeaux diuers.

33-42 : This follows on the thought of lines 9-20; Marot, imitating Virgil, proceeds abruptly :

> Mais si tu veux chanter dix fois dix vers
> En deplorant la Bergere Loyse,
> Des Coings auras, six iaunes et dix vers.

43-46 : Marot, 37-40 :

> Et si tes Vers sont d'aussi bonne mise
> Que les derniers que tu feis d'Ysabeau,

Tu n'auras pas la chose qu'ay promise
Ains beaucoup plus, et meilleur, et plus beau.

Marot particularises: the better gift will be *vn double chalumeau.*

49: Marot, 49:

Tu me requiers de ce dont i'ay enuie.

Cf. *Colin Clouts come home Againe*, 37:

Hobbin thou temptest me to that I couet.

53-57: Marot, 50-52:

Sus donc mes Vers, chantez chants douloureux
Puis que la Mort ha Loïse rauie
Qui tant tenoit nos Courtils vigoureux.

The mention of Melpomene may be suggested by lines 261-2:

Quand tout est dit, Melpomene allume
Ton style doux à tristement chanter.

63: Note the usual English localisation.

63-66: Spenser picks up a word here and there; Marot, 57, 53-4:

Pleurons Bergers . . .

Or sommes nous maintenant malheureux,
Plus estonnez de sa mortelle absense . . .

67: Marot, 102-4:

Le cler soleil chaleur plus ne rendit . . .
Le ciel obscur larmes en respandit.

71: Marot, 105-6:

Le grand Pasteur sa musette fendit
Ne voulant plus que de pleurs se mesler.

83-89: Marot, 173-6:

D'où vient cela, qu'on voit l'herbe sechante
Retourner viue, alors que l'Este vient?
Et la personne au Tombeau trebuchante
Tout grand soit, iamais plus ne reuient?

Cf. Moschus, *Id.* iii, and *Job*, xiv, 7-10. Spenser would know both, and the phrasing suggests the latter.

93-99: This is discreetly simplified from Marot's allegorical praise of Madame Loyse.

137-148: Tant eu au chef de sagesses encloses, and so on.

103-112: Marot, 93-96:

Conuerty ont leurs danses en douleurs,
Le Bleu en Brun, le Vert gay en Tanné:
Et leurs beaux taints en mauuaises couleurs:
Chantez mes Vers, chantez dueil ordonné.

113: Marot, 61:

O grand Pasteur, que tu as de soucy !

114-121 : This is probably suggested by Marot's description of the employments of Madame Loyse's maids of honour, 87-92 :

L'vne plantoit herbes en vn Verger,
L'autre paissoit Colombs et Tourtourelles,
L'autre a l'Aiguille ouurait choses nouuelles,
L'autre, en apres, faisoit Chapeaux de fleurs :
Or maintenant ne font plus rien les belles
Sinon ruisseaux de larmes et de pleurs.

123-124 : This is a regular pastoral gambit, perhaps, here, from Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 34 ff :

Postquam te fata tulerunt
Ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo . . .

125-128 : Marot, 103 and 113 :

Du manteau vert les Prez se desuestirent . . .

Terre en ce temps deuint nue et debile :
Plusieurs ruisseaux tous à sec demourent . . .

133-134 : Marot, 107-8 :

Dont son troupeau, qui plaindre l'entendit,
Laissa le paistre, et se print à besler.

135-137 : Marot, 117-120 :

Biches et Cerfs estonnez s'arresterent :
Bestes de proye, et bestes de pasture,
Tous animaux Loïse regretterent
Exceptez Loups de mauuaise nature.

138-141 : Marot, 125, 127-8 :

Sus l'arbre sec s'en complaint Philomene . . .
La Tourtourelle en gemit, et en mene
Sembable dueil, et s'accorde à leurs chants.

143-147 : This is suggested by a later passage in Marot, where flowers are called for to strew the grave, 225-236 :

Portez rameaux paruenues à croissance
Laurier . . .
Et n'oubliez force branches d'Oliue,
Car elle estoit la Bergere de Paix.

Spenser mixes this with a reminiscence of Marot's own model, Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 21 :

Extinctum Nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
Flebant : vos coruli testes et flumina Nymphis.

153-157 : This has little or no counterpart in Marot, but is a very common theme with Spenser. Cf. *Ruines of Time*, and *Complaints* generally.

158-161 : The wording is somewhat obscure. The

meaning is, that her body (now buried) held whatever (of virtue, beauty, and the like) human body (made of earthly mould) could enclose: yet I saw the day when it was brought on the bier.

163-179: Here begins the traditional reversal of sentiment, which every elegy has included since Bion lamented Moschus. Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 56, 175:

Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi
Sub pedibus videt nubes et sydera Daphnis.

. . . . deus, deus ille, Menalca.

Marot, 185-188:

Chantez mes Vers fresche douleur conceue:
Non, taisez vous, c'est assez deploré:
Elle est aux champs Elisiens receue
Hors des trauaux de ce monde esploré.

184-187: Spenser's passage is in higher vein that Marot's, 199:

Nous ça bas, pleins d'humaines raisons . . .

187-189: Marot, 189-191, 197-8:

En ces beaux champs, et naïues maisons
Loïse vit, sans peur . . .

Là où elle est n'y ha rien defloré:
Iamais le iour, et les plaisirs n'y meurent
Iamais n'y meurt le vert bien coloré.

Virgil, 60-61:

Nec lupus insidias pecori, nec retia ceruis
Vlla dolum meditantur.

194-196: Marot, 193, 111-2:

Car toute odeur ambrosienne y fleurent . . .

Là mange fruict d'inestimable pris:
Là boit liqueur, qui toute soif appaise.

203: Marot, 257-260, 265-272:

O franc Pasteur, combien tes vers sont pleins
De grand' douceur, et de grand'amertume!
Le chant me plaist, et mon cueur tu contrains
A se douloir, plus qu'il n'ha de coustume.

Parquoy (Colin) sans flater ne vanter,
Non seulement le bon flageol merites,
Ains deuroit on Chapeau te presenter
De vert Laurier, pour choses tant bien dites.
Sus, grans Toreaux, et vous Brebis petites,

Allez au Tect, assez auez brousté :
Puis le Soleil tombe en ces bas limites,
Et la Nuict deuers l'autre costé.

GLOSSE.

9 : This is Spenser's error. The sun is in Pisces, not in November, but in February. The engraver has it right, showing the Centaur in the woodcut at the head of this eclogue, and the Fish in the February cut. Spenser was usually careful about this sort of thing, so, as I suggest above, this eclogue was perhaps written before the idea of the *Calender* occurred to him, and placed here because of its appropriate melancholy. See note on the *February* argument. Ambrosia Sidney died in February, 1574-5 : was this poem originally—supposing it to be later than that year—an anniversary poem like Donne's *Anniversaries* ?

12 : The technical meaning of the term was probably forgotten : certainly Harvey used it without thinking of what it had meant.

32 : The quotation is from the epigram already quoted by E.K. in his gloss on *April*, 100.

35 : It is not Hecuba's ghost that appears in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, but that of Polydorus. That of Tantalus appears in Seneca's *Thyestes*. E.K. would certainly read Seneca at Cambridge, but whether he would study Euripides is very doubtful. As both ghosts speak prologues, the reference to Euripides may be a half-heard or half-forgotten lecture-note on Seneca.

38 : E.K. means the funeral service, the thing *rehearsed, said over*. Cf. *The Faerie Queene*, III, ii, 48, where Britomart is in church :

the faire Damzell from the holy herse
Her loue sick hart to other thoughts did steale.

67 : George Gascoigne, 1525?-1577, in his *Complainte of Philumene*. Harvey wrote a bad elegy on him, preserved in his *Letter-Book*.

83 : Another school-room mnemonic.

87 : *Persephone* should of course be *Tisiphone*. See the same error in *Teares of the Muses*, 164. This is one of the arguments for the identity of E. K. and Spenser. The mistake probably arises from Virgil's *Culex*, 260, where one might expect *Tisiphone* in place of *Persephone*, and in translating which Spenser speaks of *her fellow Furies*, by easy confusion.

97 : This is not in the *Phaedo*.

102 : This tale of Hebe I cannot find elsewhere.

104 : The commentary is lost with the *Dreames* themselves.

DECEMBER.

Spenser sums up the personal themes of his *Calender* by imitating the long *Eclogue au Roy* in which Marot reviewed his poetic career. Naturally, he departs from his original, because some things in it were inapplicable to himself; and he was imitating, not translating : but he reproduces some points, such as Marot's reference to his old age, inapplicable personally but useful for dramatic effect. One great change is in the address : Marot's *Pan* is François I, Spenser's, the Deity.

The stanza is that of *January*, probably of deliberate choice to complete the cycle of the year. It is noticeably better handled. The original in Marot is in 10-syllable couplets.

1-3 : Marot, *Eclogue au Roy*, 1-3 :

Vn Pastoureau qui Robin s'appelloit
Tout à part soy n'ha gueres s'en alloit
Parmy fausteaux (arbres qui font ombrage) . . .

5-6 : Spenser adapts the mood to that which he has assumed throughout; Marot is comparatively cheerful :

Et là tout seul faisoit de grand courage
Haut retentir les boys et l'ayr serein,
Chantant ainsi :

7-18 : ô Pan Dieu souuerain,
Qui de garder ne fus onc paresseux
Parcs, et brebis, et les maistres d'iceux . . .
Ie te supply (si onc en ces bas estres
Daignas ouyr chansonnettes champestres)
Escoute vn peu, de ton verd cabinet,
Le chant rural du petit Robinet.

19-28 : Marot, 15-20 :

Sur le printemps de ma ieunesse folle,
Ie ressemblois l'arondelle qui volle
Puis ça, puis là : l'aage me conduisoit
Sans peur, ne soing, où le coeur me disoit.
En la forest (sans la crainte des Loups)
Ie m'en allois souuent . . .

Spenser omits seven and a half lines, and substitutes the *Pricket* (buck of the second year) for the exotic *wolf* of Marot, 27-8 :

Puis d'en tirer droit et loing i'apprenois
Pour chasser loups, et abbatre des nois.

29-30 : This is Spenser's addition. Cf. *January*, 29-30.

31-35 : Marot, 29-32 :

O quantes fois aux arbres grimpé i'ay
Pour desnicher ou la Pie, ou le Geay
Ou pour ietter des fruicts ia meurs et beaux
A mes compaings qui tendoyent leurs chapeaux.

Spenser's variation is noticeable : the pictorial imagination is already awake in him.

36 : Spenser discreetly omits seven lines on the same theme, and substitutes this original comment.

37-40 : Marot, 40-48 :

Desia pourtant ie faisois quelques nottes
De chant rustique, et dessous les ormeaux
Quasi enfant sonnois des chalumeaux.
Si ne saurois bien dire ne penser
Qui m'enseigna si tost d'y commencer :
Ou la nature aux Muses inclinée,
Ou ma fortune, en cela destinée
A te seruir : si ce ne fust l'vn d'eux,
Ie suis certain que ce furent tous deux.

Spenser's alternative differs, either from modesty, or from a reminiscence of Virgil's *Lycidas*, in his fifth eclogue :

et me fecere poëtam
Pierides : sunt et mihi carmina : me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores : sed non ego credulus illis.

41-42 : *Wrenock* takes the place of Marot's father, Jean Marot, a poet also in his day : 55-78 :

le bon Ianot mon pere . . .
Il me souloit vne leçon donner.

Various suggestions have been made as to the identity of *Wrenock*. I incline to believe that here Spenser celebrates Richard Mulcaster (1530 ?-1611), his old head master at the Merchant Taylors' School. The works of this notable personality are evidence that he held just such views as would influence a pupil in the direction Spenser took. The name is perhaps a perversion of the initials R. M.

43-48 : Spenser has only Harvey to put in place of Marot's description of his early works and his relations with brother poets. The formula comes from the *Complainct de Madame Loyse*, 5-12 :

A Pan ne veux rabaisser son hommage,
Mais quant aux champs tu l'accompagnerois,
Plutost prouffit en auroit que dommage :

Il t' apprendroit, et tu l'enseigneras.
Quand à chansons, tu y besognerois
De si grand art, s'on venoit a contendre,
Que quand sur Pan rien tu ne gaignerois,
Pan dessus toy rien ne pourroit pretendre.

Cf. *June*, 57-64. From this double evidence it is clear that Spenser owed much to Harvey's early encouragement.

49-52 : This has no counterpart in Marot, since Marot's *Pan* is the king to whom he is writing in gratitude and expectation.

53-60 : There is little about love in Marot's eclogue. This is Spenser's own experience, and the rôle of unhappy lover he chose to adopt for the *Calender*.

55-56 : Marot, 107 :

Quant printemps faut et l'esté comparoit . . .

61-66 : This again is Spenser's own experience. He seems to have left the University with regret, and with misgivings as to the future of an unfriended poet. Cf. *June*, 9-16.

67-72 : This is only suggested by occasional phrases in Marot. The mood is different. See below, Marot's line 111.

68 : *Formall rowmes*—symmetrically-designed combs.

73-78 : Marot, 109-114, 118-9 :

Aussi quant hors du printemps i'euz esté,
Et que mes iours vindrent en leur esté,
Me creut le sens, mais non pas le souci :
Si employay l'esprit, le corps aussi,
Aux choses plus à tel aage sortables,
A charpenter loges de bois portables . . .

A proprement entrelasser les clayes
Pour les parquets des ouailles fermer.

79-80 : Marot, 120-121 :

Ou à tisser (pour fromages former)
Panier d'osier et fiscelles de ionc.

Spenser, however, remembers also Virgil, *Ecl.* x, 71 :

Dum sedet et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco.

Such employment is part of the tradition since Theocritus.

81-82 : Spenser throws back to lines 27-8.

83-90 : Marot, 124-133 :

I'apprins les noms des quatre parts du monde,
I'apprins les noms des vents, qui de là sortent,
Leurs qualitez, et quel temps ils apportent ;
Dont les oyseaux sages deuins des champs

M'auertissoyent par leurs volz et leurs chants.
I'apprins aussi allant aux pasturages
A eviter les dangereux herbages,
Et à congnoistre et guerir plusieurs maux
Qui quelque fois gastoient les animaux
De noz pasti.

91-96 : This again is not in Marot. Jortin quotes Ovid, *Met.* i, 521-4 :

Inuentum medicina meum est ; opiferque per orbem
Dicor ; & herbarum subiecta potentia nobis
Hei mihi, quòd nullis amor est medicabilis herbis :
Nec prosunt domino, quæ prosunt omnibus, artes.

95-96 : Cf. *Daphnaïda*, 435, and *Amoretti*, xxv.

97-126 : Spenser departs from Marot's development and intention, which meant a straightforward petition to the King for a pension. He follows out the scheme of the four seasons, but takes only a few hints from Marot as he returns to the mood and idea of *January* and relates his own sad love-story.

97-98 : Marot, 201-2 :

Mais maintenant que ie suis en l'autonne,
Ne say quel soing inusité m'estonne . . .

115-118 : Marot, 203-212 :

de chanter la veine
Deuient en moy (non point lasse, ne vaine)
Ains triste et lente, et certes bien souuent
Couché sur l'herbe, à la frescheur du vent,
Voy ma Musette à vn arbre pendue
Se plaindre de moy, qu'oisiue l'ay rendue :
Dont tout à coup mon desir se resueille,
Qui de chanter voulant faire merueille,
Trouue ce soing deuant ses yeux planté,
Lequel le rend morne et espouuanté.

121-124 : Jortin quotes Virgil, *Ecl.* v, 35-6 :

Grandia sœpe quilus mandanimus hordea sulcis,
Infelix lolium, & steriles dominantur auenæ.

And *Job* xxxi, 40 : " Let thistles grow in stead of wheate, and cockle in the stead of barley."

127-132 : Marot, 225-6 :

D'autre costé i'oy la Bise arriuer
Qui en soufflant me prononce l'hyuer.

135 : Marot, 239-240 :

l'hyuer qui s'appreste
A commencé à neiger sur ma teste.

140 : See the note on *stounde* at *Maye*, glosse, 179.

Colins Embleme : In his edition (1715), Hughes supplied, without comment, the motto : *Vivitur ingenio : cætera mortis erunt*, from a poem printed in old editions of Virgil, *in Mæcenatis obitum, elegeia.* I imagine Spenser meant *Colin's Emblem ut supra :* since, as we saw, it does not refer (like others) to the content of the eclogue, but is an acknowledgment of its source. E. K.'s gloss would suit *La Mort n'y Mord* perfectly.

Glosse.

4 : Virgil, *Ecl.* ii, 33. The immediate source is, of course, Marot, but Spenser would surely recognise Marot's debt to Virgil.

10 : Terence, *Phormio*, Prologue, 12.

11 : Cf. *Julye*, 17-24.

35 : *Leapes :* creels.

42 : Theocritus, vii, 52-54, xiii, 25-6.

46 : Spenser may have meant something like this ; but, as we have seen, it comes from Marot, and his simpler intention may have been Spenser's also. E. K. is somewhat confused, as usual : he refers to Livy, ix, 36 : Habeo auctores vulgo tum romanos pueros sicut nunc græcis, ita etruscis literis erudiri solitos. But the fact he records is from Cicero, *de Devinatione*, i, 41 : Quocirca bene apud maiores nostros senatus tum, cùm florebat imperium, decreuit, ut de principum filiis sex singulis Etruriæ populis in disciplinam traderentur.

57 : Virgil, *Æneid*, vii, 15-20, speaks of the animals :

> Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
> Induerat Circe in voltus, ac terga ferarum.

91 : E.K. quotes from his inaccurate memory, Horace, *Carm.* III, xxx, 1-4 :

> Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius,
> Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere . . .

and Ovid, *Met.* xv, 871-2 :

> Iamque opus exegi : quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignes,
> Nec potuit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

EPILOGUE—TO HIS BOOKE.

The Prologue and Epilogue are as good bits of verse as any in the book. This twelve-syllable verse resists any

suggestion of the monotony of six and six; it is solid without dragging, and its dignity provides an admirable contrast to the rapidity and modesty of the Prologue.

1-4: Cf. the end of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, quoted by E. K. above.

5-6: Spenser draws attention particularly to the ecclesiastical eclogues, but the personal ones also might be included as moral examples; and for that matter, since piping is part of the shepherd's trade, the whole book was a lesson and an inspiration to English poets.

7-11: Cf. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, v. st. 256:

> Go litel boke, go my litel tragedy
> There God thy maker yet er that I die
> So send me might to make some tragedy
> But litell boke, make thou none enuy
> But subiect ben vnto all poesie
> And kisse the steppes, wher as thou seest pace
> Of Vergil, Ouide, Homer, Lucan and Stace.

Spenser would also know Chaucer's original, Statius, *Thebaid*, xii, 810-819:

> Durabisne procul, dominoque legere superstes,
> O mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos
> Thebai? . . .
> Viue precor: nec tu diuinam Aeneida tenta,
> Sed longe sequere, et vestigia semper adora.
> Mox, tibi si quis adhuc prætendit nubila liuor,
> Occidet, et meriti post me referentur honores.

9-10: *Tityrus* is Chaucer, presumably, as before, but Spenser probably included Virgil with him under the one name. The other reference might be to Langland, but is more probably to *The Plowman's Tale*, the phrase meaning *The Pilgrim, which was a rôle the Plowman played for a time*, during which time he told that tale. If this is so, Spenser recognised that *The Plowman's Tale* was not Chaucer's.

ADDENDA.

October, 65-66: Claudian, *de* II *Cons. Stil.*, *Pref.* 6:

> Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.

Ibid. glosse 58: There may be something in the *Arcadian* conjecture; see Polybius, IV, xx-xxi.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

Entry in Stationers' Register : 5. Decembris [1579].

Hughe Singelton Lycenced vnto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyning xij ecloges proportionable to the xij monthes . . . . . vj[d].

FIRST EDITION, 1579. *Title-page :* The / Shepheardes Calender / Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable / to the twelue monethes. / Entitled / To the noble and vertu- / ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles / both of learning and cheualrie M. / Philip Sidney. [ornament] At London. / Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in / Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the / signe of the gylden Tunne, and / are there to be solde. / 1579.

Running-titles to each month.

Colophon : [Singleton's device, McKerrow 198] Imprinted at London by Hugh / Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane / at the signe of the gylden / Tunne neere vnto / Ludgate.

Quarto. ¶-¶iiij, A-N in fours. A-N foliated 1-52. (The inner forme of K misnumbered, reading 37, 39 for 38, 40.) Woodcut at head of each poem. Preliminary matter and glosses in roman; prologue and emblems in large italic; arguments and epilogue in smaller italic; poems in **BLACK LETTER.**

The same woodcuts are used in each edition down to the seventh, the 1617 folio *Works*.

Contents : ¶, title-page, with prologue *To his Booke* on verso; ¶ ij-iij, Epistle to Harvey; ¶ iiij, General Argument, ending on verso; A-N_4 recto (ff. 1-52 recto), eclogues and glosses, with epilogue to fill up N_4 recto; N_4 verso (f. 52 verso), colophon.

Entry in Stationers' Register : 29. Octobris [1580].

Iohn Harrison Assigned ouer from hugh Singleton to haue the sheppardes callender which was hughe Singletons copie . . . . . vj[d].

SECOND EDITION, 1581. Quarto : as the first, but

the title has a border of ornaments, and *imprint:* Imprinted at London for Iohn / Harison the younger, dwelling in Pater / noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and / are there to be solde. *Colophon:* Imprinted at London by Thomas / East, for Iohn Harrison the young- / er, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the / signe of the Anker, and are there / to be solde. / 1581.

This and later editions have the Greek quotations in Latin letters.

THIRD EDITION, 1586. Quarto: as the last, but printed by John Wolfe according to the title-page and by Thomas East according to the colophon. The title-page has a border.

FOURTH EDITION, 1591. Quarto: as the last, but printed by John Windet; no colophon. The same border is on the title-page.

FIFTH EDITION, 1597. Quarto: as the last, but printed by Thomas Creede; no colophon: 51 folios.

The *Calender* was included in the Folio *Works* published by Matthew Lownes, 1611 and 1617.

As each edition only adds errors, and any emendations they introduce, however ingenious and likely, are conjectural, I have given only obvious corrections. A full account is to be found in Mr. de Sélincourt's Oxford edition of the *Minor Poems*.

This is the only work of Spenser which was not published by Ponsonby: that connection seems to have begun in 1590. Of Singleton something has already been said. He was both printer and publisher, began work about 1545, and died in 1593. John Harrison, called "the younger" to distinguish him from his elder half-brother John, was a member of a large family of booksellers. He was made free of the Company in 1569, and died in 1618. I have found no record of the transfer of his copy to Lownes for the 1611 folio, but there must have been an arrangement, as the copy was evidently profitable.

This edition follows the British Museum copy of the first Quarto, compared with the Bodleian copy and checked (thanks to Mr. H. B. Adams) with the copy in Trinity College, Cambridge. The corrections are given below.

The following letters are inverted: *Epistle*, 178, the semicolon after "habilities": *Postscript*, 15, *and*: *Gen. Arg.*, 57, *in* the sadnesse: *Jan.*, 49, carefull: 53, *such*: *gloss*, 58, *vnder*: *Feb.*, *arg.*, *purpose*: 37, *laugheth*: *March*,

55, and : *gloss*, 72, invulnerable : *Maye*, 149, payne (B.M. copy only) : *Sept.*, 132, thou : *Oct.*, *gloss*, 95, fauour : *Dec.*, 139, glee.

The quarto usually has a hyphen between letters *S* and *K* (e.g. as-ke, bas-ket); necessitated apparently by the bodies of the black letter. This is not reproduced.

The following alterations have been made in the text:

Epistle, 112 : not] no
seene] seme

Gen. Arg. 12 : more Shepheards, then Goteheards *Q* 5] most . . . and . . .
16 : Inuencion] Inuericion
82 : Abib] Abil
124 : Shepheard] Sepheard

Jan., 50 : hower,] hower.

Feb gloss 59 : encombreth] encombrerh

March, 4 : nigheth] nighest
95 : that] thast
120 : scarce] searce

April, 39 : Forsake] For sake
113 : not] not not
143 : Cheuisaunce,] Cheuisaunce.
144 : Delice.] Delice,

gloss 162 : behight] bedight

Maye arg. 1 : fifte] firste
54 : great] gread
82 : worldly] wordly
113 : shepheards] shephears
170 : hidde,] hidde.
177 : reason,] reason. (*My comma represents a small round period, differing from the square black-letter period, and apparently intended as a stop within the sentence, as is common in the prose parts. Cf June*, 38, *Sept.*, 196.)

Maye, 177 : iollitee.] iollitee

gloss, 75 : Algrind] Algrim
106 : Prometheus who (as] Prometheus (who as

June, arg. 2 : successe] scccesse
1 : *Collin*] *Collni*
16 : shroude] shouder
38 : steps,] *small period as at Maye*, 177.
39 : ignoraunce] ignorounce

gloss, 100 : vndermyne] vndermynde

Julye, 14 : tickle] trickle

230 : bett] better (*I have taken this from E. K.'s gloss on the line, as it makes the verse more solid. E. K. would not have explained it had it not been there to explain, in MS. Cf. Oct.*, 15.)

Embleme : Thomalins] Palinodes

gloss, 8 : Seneca] Sene-neca

9 : lapsu] lapsus

163 : altissimus] allissimus

August, ante 17 : Perigot] Perigor

84 : thy] my

134 : him] hm

148 : deede.] deede,

162 : sleepe.] sleepe

Sept. 139 : endured.] endured

145 : yead] yeeld (*Correction in first Folio.*)

162 : priuie] priue (*See E. K.'s gloss.*)

169 : They] The

196 : awaye,] *small period as at Maye*, 177.

201 : thanck.] thanck

ante 208 : Hobbinoll.] Diggon.

gloss, 16 : thrise] these

36 : practises] pract-tises

65 : Priuie] Preuely (*This may be correct, if E. K. was thinking of a particular quotation from Chaucer.*)

Oct., *Arg.* 2 : whiche] whishe

2 : chace,] chace : (*The printer is apt to work to a formula.*)

ante 19 : Piers] Pires (*so also before* 91 *and* 119.)

39 : guists.] guists,

40 : crowne,] crowne. (*Inversion at end of successive lines, as next.*)

ante 97 : *Q*1 *omits* Cuddie.

100 : demaundes,] demaundes.

101 : dwell.] dwell,

gloss 6 : Mantuane.] Mantuane,

56 : matters] mattes

91 : more] moro

146 : Sarcasmus] Sacrasmus

Nov., 14 : taske,] tas-ke :

88 : budde,] budde.

128 : mourne] morune

129 : tourne] torune

132 : carefull] carsefull

glosse, 14 : Castalias] Castlias
42 : diminutiue] dimumtine
51 : tinct] tuict
74 : signe] *omitted, and supplied by Q* 3.
76 : Atropos, daughters] Atropodas, ughters
97 : expresse] epresse
114 : desert.] desert
Dec., 43 : doe] to (*From E. K.'s gloss.*)
60 : That] that
75 : Al so] also
89 : tenrage] to tenrage
106 : before,] before.
113 : *Rosalind*] *Rolalind*
114 : dight ?] dight,
gloss, 6 : Cabinet] Eabinet
41 : skill] still
48 : inuented] niuented
65 : Thus is] This is (*See text.*)

I append a few notes on readings :

Epistle, 99 : For *cleare*, Q2 has *clean*, and later editions *cleane*. This is the more usual phrase, and may be correct ; but *cleare* makes sense.

133. Q3 reads *though it cannot*, which perhaps makes the sentence easier but does not remove the grammatical complication. The construction would be simple in Latin, in which E. K. was trained.

March, 57 : I take the comma after *greene* to mean interruption by Willy.

85 : I take the comma after *I* to emphasise *I* as against *he* in the line above.

April, 7 : It is tempting to read *teare*, but the plural may be intentional.

Maye, emblems : These should really be transposed.

June, 23 : The quartos read *Rauene* and *Rauen*, the folio (1611), *Rauens*. The printer may have mistaken the usual *-es* contraction for *e* in the MS., or it may be a mere slip.

Julye, 215 : The period looks awkward at first sight : I retain it, to emphasise the following line.

gloss, 30 : Q3 reads *more dread then dignity*, which is ingenious, and may be a real correction. But *more dread and dignity* echoes Lambarde's *great awe and honour*, and Holinshed's *feare and dread*. A doublet, not an adversative, seems called for.

Sept., 31 : The words *hart sore* are close together and

may be meant for one compound noun; but the union is not quite clear.

95: The *h* is damaged and at first sight looks like a *k*. The Bodleian copy is clearer than the B.M. or T.C.C.

Oct., 6: The ? after *dead* is used for !, as is common.

77: One might expect another colon after *rybaudrye*, but the period heightens the depression of the next clause. So also in the next line, one suspects a period after *agayne*, and that the common transposition has occurred once more. But this pointing is dramatically effective.

gloss, 57: For *Aradian*, see the commentary.

Dec., 38: The comma after *Muse* may not be required grammatically, but it separates the two *S* sounds, and emphasises *so*.

gloss, 91 and 97: I have left E. K.'s quotations in their naked inaccuracy. It may be unfair to him, but one cannot blame these on the printer, and E. K.'s inaccuracy is one of the phenomena to be observed.

POSTSCRIPT.

Of the writings on *The Shepheardes Calender*, Dr. C. H. Herford's edition is much the most important. Dr. J. J. Higginson's *Spenser's Shepherd's Calender* (New York, 1912) contains useful details, though few of his conclusions are acceptable. Dr. W. P. Mustard's article on E.K.'s classical allusions (*Modern Language Notes*, 1919) has proved most valuable for checking my own ferretings, though Dr. Mustard flatters E.K., sometimes, by giving references to true sources where second-hand borrowings are more probable: I suspect some such borrowings where I have not been able to trace them.

Some of the notes on *April* and *October* appeared in my *Selections from Spenser* published by the Oxford University Press, 1923. I have, as usual, received generous help from friends.

The reader may be disappointed to find so little discussion of personalities among the notes. My reasons are threefold. In the first place, the evidence is so scanty that identification becomes mere conjecture. Spenser's choice of pseudonyms is unsystematic, so that one identification helps us very little towards the others. The results are so uncertain as to have little value. I have given a specimen in the case of *Diggon Davie*, more to show how one line of approach will produce different results from any other than to condemn the reader to believe me. This vagueness of Spenser's, again, is not unjustifiable on artistic grounds, and to impose a rigid certainty would falsify our view of his aims and methods. He was not trying to give lifelike portraits of his friends—the figure of *Hobbinol* proves that: for had we only this knowledge of Harvey, how the critics would have expanded on the sweetness and nobility of the character that so commended itself to our gentle Spenser! As I have said, Spenser used his acquaintance as any novelist or dramatist might; took suggestions here and there, and omitted many characteristics, useless to his purpose of the moment, which might have betrayed the man to us. The first and last thing in Spenser's mind was not the commemoration of individuals, but the writing of Pastorals. The inspirations and origins of his poems were not personal, but literary; the personalities are secondary, and attached to real men only partially and vaguely. The exceptions are public figures like Grindal and Elmore, and Spenser makes them

obvious enough in *Algrind* and *Morrell*. Many of the lesser "shepherds" may have been—probably were—identified with friends, but only in compliment, or (in *March*, for instance) in jest. Identifications are either fairly obvious, or, however interesting they may be, their significance is slight. In the third place—and here comes in the most interesting of all, *Rosalind*—Spenser sometimes involved his affairs in deliberate obscurity. We cannot identify *Rosalind*, because Spenser did not want us to, and took care to make it difficult. If one should arrive at a correct solution, it would be by lighting upon an inadvertence—and there are none—or by sheer luck, in which case it would be impossible to prove. Some day a copy may turn up with the names inserted by a knowing contemporary, or some piece of independent evidence (such as proved the old identification of *the Southern shepheard* with Dr. Young) may help us towards some of the others. But that would have nothing to do with Spenser's intentions, which are the most important things we have to consider. While I admire, accordingly, the erudition, energy, and sportsmanship of those who have set out to identify the minor shepherds and shepherdesses, I am not inclined to cumber a commentary like this with lengthy arguments dragged out to uncertain (and sometimes not very important) conclusions.

W. L. Renwick.

Armstrong College,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
August, 1930.

COMPLAINTS.

Peccata.

(*The first number is that of the page, the second the line of the poem. If the page is in prose, the second number denotes the line of the page.*)

8.102 : for *Troynouant* read *Troynovant*
109 *heroick* *heroïck*
10.173 *rage.* *rage,*
174 *Time* *time*
198 *you* *your*
17.417 *raine ;* *raine :*
20.523 *flights* *slights*
21.537 *Nor* *Not*
27.3 *LADY* *LADIE*
28.19 *thereof* *therof*
29.3 *sorrowful* *sorrowfull*
56.192 *skyes* *skyes.*
81.160 *a* *our*
175 *doubt* *doubt,*
177 *cannot* *cannot,*
brother *brother,*
83.250 *means* *meanes*
84.281 *avize,* *avize*
85.301 *increace* *increce*
91.563 *abusd'* *abusd',*
92.580 *mourne* *mourne.*
96.732 *theretoo,* *theretoo.* (The period is smeared; but it is a period.)
97.758 *recomforts ;* *recomforts :*
99.865 *dette* *dett*
109.1210 *Hath* *Had*
111.1296 *hearts* *harts*
113.1367 *entraunce* *entrance*
120.9.4 *aflaires* *affaires*
143.209 *creature* *creature,*
144.254 *hearte* *heart*
268 *prais worthie* *prais-worthie*
145.281 *Shee* *She*
146.330 *sight* *slight*
147.344 *turne :* *turne.*
348 *folly* *follie*
156.1.14 *stay* *stay.*
158.7.1 *endure* *endure,*

270.1-3 : delete.

272. after 25, add : 7.10, 11 : fold, felde ;) fold ; felde, Yet this is dramatically effective.

270. Note on *Ixione.* This form may be a memory of *Exione,* the form *Hesione* assumes in Caxton's *Eneydos.* Cf. *Alcumena* (M. H. T., 1299), a non-classical form also in *Eneydos.*

DAPHNAÏDA AND OTHER POEMS.

PECCATA.

(*The line-numbers below are those of the poems, where these are numbered; otherwise the line of the page.*)

Page	6, Line	108:	for *rose*	read *Rose*
16		461	*frailtie*	*fraïltie*
18		516	*chaunct*	*chaunst*
19		549	*sdeignfull*	*sdeinfull*
22		10	*conceit*	*conceipt*
51		27	*seemed*	*seemd*
66		12	*reasons*	*reason*
72		17	*sweete*	*sweet*
74		13	*wonderful*	*wonderfull*
77		26	*Chuse*	*Chose*
79		3	*so*	*So*
		30	*soon*	*soone*
		33	*among*	*amongst*
84		11	*not rues*	*nor rues*
85		19	*stoures.*	*stoures,*
89		26	*fearlesse*	*fearelesse*
94		6	*fynd*	*synd*
97		8	*than*	*then*
99		22	*For*	*for*
106		36	*answer,*	*answer*
107		100	*year*	*yeare*
111		222	*all*	*al*
113		304	*sheets*	*sheetes*
114		343	*sense*	*sence*
115		391	*doth*	*dost*
116		414	*than*	*then*
		428	*been*	*bene*
122		100	*multipy*	*multiply*
124		175	*feel*	*feele*
126		251	*embosomed*	*embosomd*
129		33	*fashioned*	*fashiond*
130		61	*admyre :*	*admyre,*
131		94	*sweet*	*sweete*
132		160	*is*	*it*
133		163	*light ;*	*light,*
139		110	*breathed*	*breathd*
140		126	*paine,*	*paine.*
147		82	*hie*	*hie,*
150		191	*soueriagnty*	*soueraignty*
151		221	*seeme*	*seene*
158		42	*swan*	*Swan*
161		51	*triumphes*	*triumphs*
188		7	1598	1589

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